

The Sketch.

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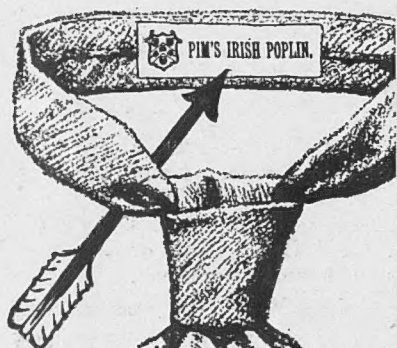
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The Sketch

No. 973.—Vol. LXXV.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



MATINÉE-GOERS, PLEASE ENVY—BUT DO NOT COPY! A SIX-FOOT HEADDRESS OF FEATHERS.

Doubtless, the fair matinée-goer whose delight is in her hat will envy this dusky personage the six-foot headdress of gaudy feathers. Let us hope, however, that she will be content with envying and not seek to copy!—[Photograph by Fleet Agency.]



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"



Beautiful Edinburgh.

It is eleven years since I visited Edinburgh. I remember writing an article in this journal about that visit. My friends had taken me to all the museums and picture-galleries, with the result that I could only think of Edinburgh as a place where one was constantly leaving a stick or an umbrella with a man at a turnstile, paying a penny for the privilege of doing so, passing through the turnstile, returning by way of another turnstile, recovering the stick or umbrella, and so down a long flight of shallow steps into the street. How many times we went through this performance: I cannot remember, but I know that I dreamt each night of turnstiles, and small metal discs that represented a stick or an umbrella, and flights of shallow steps. On this visit, therefore, I have avoided all the museums and picture-galleries, preferring to revel in the grand open-air picture that makes Edinburgh one of the most beautiful cities—many people say the most beautiful city—in the world. Every morning I go down Prince's Street, and home by way of the Castle. I can see the Castle, too, from the window of my sitting-room, and almost, but not quite, the very window from which, according to tradition, the infant Prince James was lowered in a basket to his mother's Roman Catholic friends, to be educated in their faith. The mental vision of that descending basket never fails to make me dizzy.

My Guide-Book.

I decided to do the Castle quite thoroughly one morning. I bought a guide-book, therefore, and began. All went well as far as the "spacious parade ground." One could not mistake the spacious parade ground. A squad of active, intelligent young men were mastering the difficult art of communicating with other active, intelligent young men, a long way off, by means of waved flags. Another squad of equally active, equally intelligent young men were forming fours, right wheeling, left wheeling, advancing, marking time, and halting. The sight took me back to my own Volunteering days, and I knew just how anxious these young men were to be brisk, and clean, and smart enough to escape the bitter sarcasms of the drill-sergeant. However, the historic Castle lay before me, and I moved on.

"At the Castle Moat," I read in my little guide-book, "visitors will find a staff of retired non-commissioned officers appointed by the General commanding to conduct them through, and describe to them the Castle, its history, batteries, and its world-famed views. Visitors may place themselves with confidence under their guidance, as, in addition to being mostly decorated men who have seen service, they are chosen for their good character and general fitness for the post."

"That's all very well," I said to myself, "but, with the aid of this little guide-book, I think I can ransack the Castle for myself."

The Fall of Pride.

There was not exactly a "staff" of non-commissioned officers at the Castle Moat, but there was one non-commissioned officer who very kindly offered his services. He was a sturdy fellow, with a short stick in his left hand and a general air of standing no nonsense. He was dressed in a black, braided suit, rather too small for him, and on his manly chest three silver medals were pinned. His voice, in ordinary conversation, was gentle, almost pleading. None the less, I thanked him courteously, and passed under the portcullis gate alone.

At least, I supposed it was the Portcullis Gate, but I could not be sure because, in the first place, I could see no Portcullis, and, in the second place, I found that I had to pass the Inner Barrier to get

to the Portcullis Gate. Where, then, was the Inner Barrier? Could it be that the non-commissioned officer in the tight black suit represented the Inner Barrier?

I should now be facing the Argyle Tower. I wanted to see the Argyle Tower, having read that "here several illustrious prisoners were confined; and the Marquis of Argyle was imprisoned in it previous to his execution, his head replacing that of Montrose on the Tolbooth. The interior of the Tower may be seen on the return journey by the stair from the Bomb Battery." What Bomb Battery?

I gave it up. The guide, who had been watching me, raised his eyebrows. I nodded.

Randolph and the Secret Path.

He took command of me in a moment. The stick shot out. The pleading voice gave place to a sort of mellow roar. Undoubtedly, he knew all about the Castle. He told me a story of one Randolph, who had a secret pathway of his own between the city and the Castle, and treacherously offered to bring a party of foes to the Castle by that path. Anyway, that is the story as well as I can remember it. If I am wronging Randolph, I sincerely beg his pardon. But why should Randolph have had a secret path of his own? The guide knew. "By that path," he explained, "Randolph was wont to descend to the city for the purpose of visiting his sweetheart—a practice not entirely obsolete. We are now facing the windows of the room in which the mother of Mary Queen of Scots died."

Just beneath this window, three soldiers were struggling with an enormous cask of beer. They wanted to get the beer off a dray and lower it into a cellar. Their efforts fascinated me. Try as I would to assure myself that I was actually gazing at the windows of the room in which the mother of Mary Queen of Scots died, I could not keep my eyes away from the three soldiers with the tremendous cask of beer. Obviously, I do not possess the historical sense. Historical plays and historical novels, to be quite frank, bore me to death. A living pauper is of infinitely greater interest to me than a dead King. By the time the soldiers had lowered the cask into the cellar, the guide was out of sight. I ran after him.

The Little Cemetery.

At this point it began to rain. I do not say, mind you, that the rain shortened our tour of the Castle. What happened, precisely, was this. My non-commissioned officer in the small black suit suddenly stood quite still and delivered himself, with breathless rapidity, of an enormous amount of information. He regretted that he could not accompany me further, but if I would only bear in mind what had just been said, I should understand everything perfectly and have a most enjoyable time. Finally, he drew himself up and saluted. I replied in suitable terms, and we parted forthwith.

My steps now led me to the Crown Room. "In the centre of the small apartment," said my guide-book, "are the Regalia, which had been secreted from the public in the oak chest now shown from 1707 till Wednesday, May 26, 1819." "How pathetic!" said a young girl, gazing, almost tearfully, at the relics of sovereignty. "Poor little things, all shut up here! It's very sad!" And it was.

Just before leaving the Castle, I discovered something not mentioned in my guide-book. In a tiny corner, high above the city, radiant with geraniums, daisies, and lobelia, I found a miniature cemetery, devoted to the dogs of the soldiers. Each dog has its little tombstone, and one soldier, I was told, acts as chaplain. That alone was worth the visit.

HELP FOR THE UNCONSCIOUS AND THE CONSCIOUS: FIRE "ESCAPES."



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2. HOW TO CARRY AN UNCONSCIOUS PERSON DOWN THE FIRE-ESCAPE OF A BUILDING, ACCESS TO THE STREET BEING POSSIBLE—BOTH HANDS FREE.

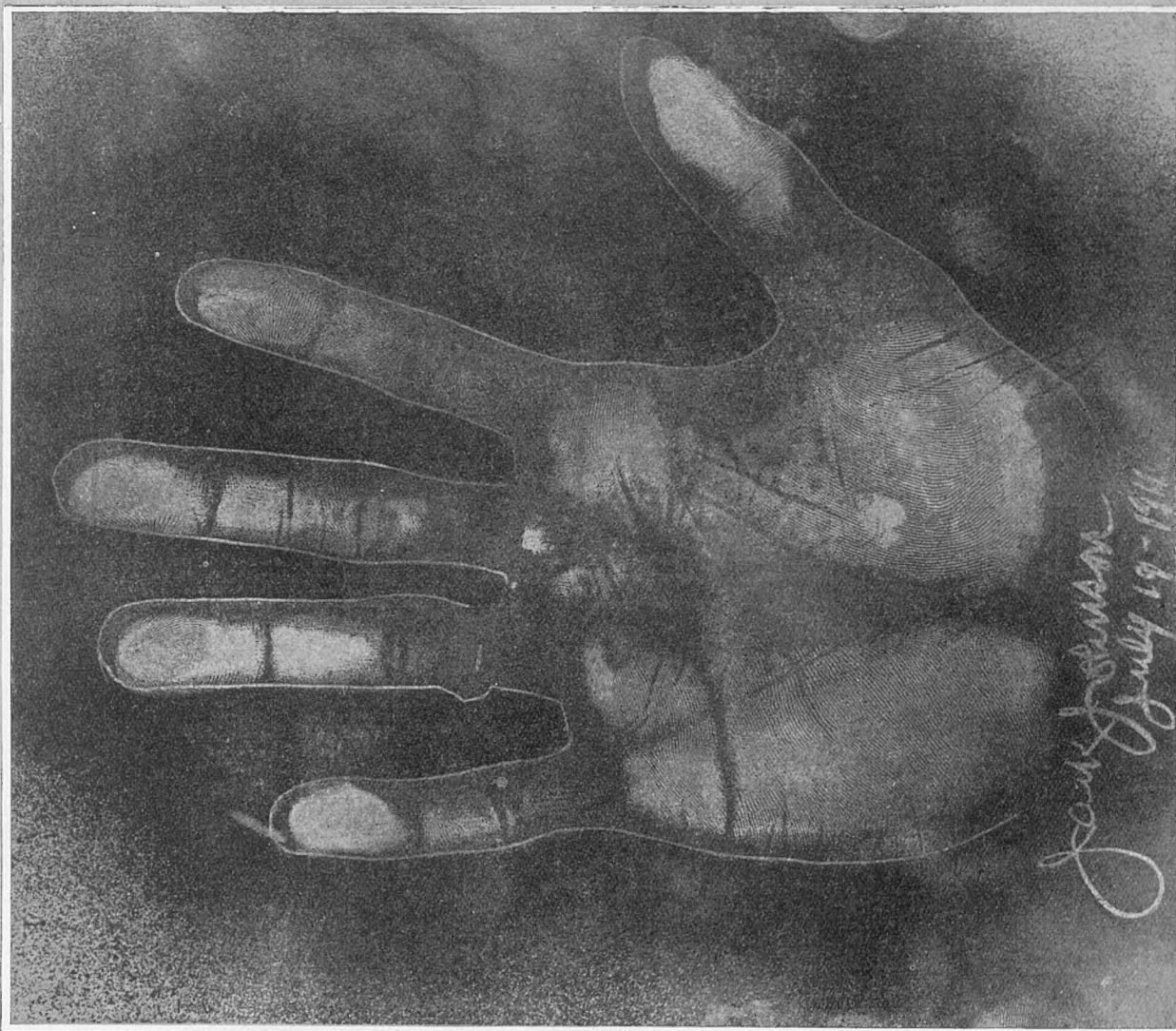
3. HOW TO LOWER AN UNCONSCIOUS PERSON TO THE STREET.

4. THE WAY TO FASTEN A ROPE TO THE BEDSTEAD, OR TO SOME OTHER HEAVY PIECE OF FURNITURE, FOR ESCAPE THROUGH A WINDOW INTO THE STREET.

5. HOW THE ROPE SHOULD BE WOUND ROUND A CHAIR, HELD, AND PAID OUT WHILE LOWERING AN UNCONSCIOUS PERSON TO THE STREET.

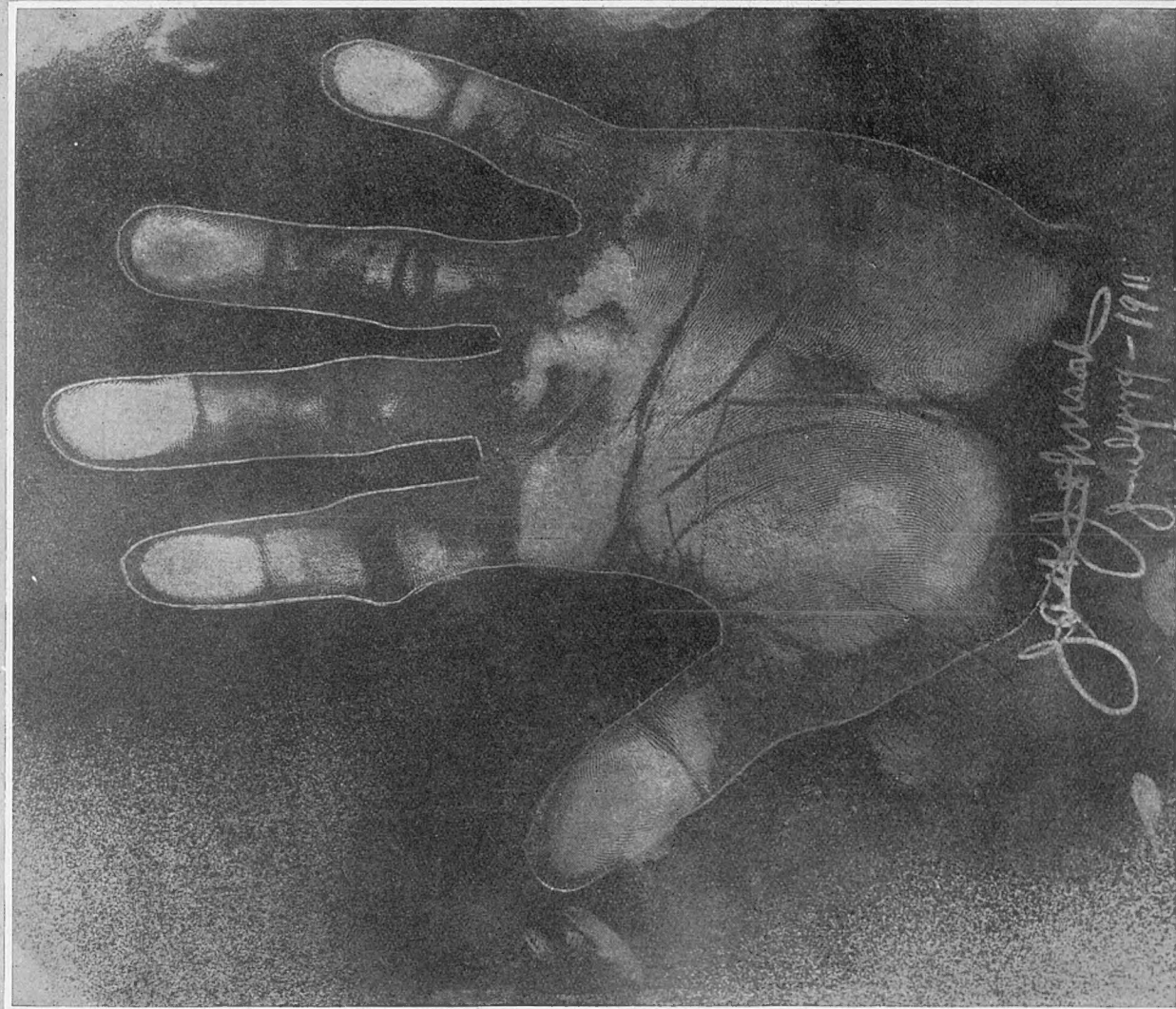
At the College of Pharmacy at Philadelphia the students practise "fire-drill" as taught by Mr. W. Ward Beam, the director of athletics, who is shown in the photographs. The way to carry an unconscious woman is to lift her to the shoulders so that the hands droop down in front. These can be grasped by the rescuer if necessary. The feet are passed to the front in the same way, so that the rescuer has both arms and feet in front of his own body. For lowering an unconscious person to the ground the rope is placed noose-ended over the head and shoulders and under the arms. In order to balance the weight of the person lowered, the rescuer stands on a chair and pays the rope out round the top bar. To lower one's self to the ground the rope should be tied to a bedstead or other heavy piece of furniture and then passed under one arm and over the other shoulder.—[Photographs by the P.-F. Press Bureau.]

LINES OF A NATURAL FIGHTER: "CHARACTER MARKS" ON THE HANDS OF JACK JOHNSON.



THE LEFT HAND.

As everyone knows, it was announced some time ago that Jack Johnson would meet Bombardier Wells, of the Royal Artillery, at Earl's Court on October 2. At the moment of writing, much interest is being taken in protests made against the holding of such a contest. Mr. C. Walter Child gives the following delineation of the lines on the famous pugilist's hands: "The hands of the famous pugilist are the largest I have ever seen, and, as will be observed by a comparison of the two hands, the markings on them differ considerably. Whereas the lines on the left hand are normal, those on the right are abnormal. Apart from the unusual size and the exceptional hardness of the hands, the most remarkable thing to note is the very heavy line crossing the entire right palm. This shows the merging of the head and heart lines into one, and such an indication always denotes great intensity of feeling, lofty ambition, and the dominance of the martial spirit. In other words, it bespeaks, the natural fighter, especially when, as in this case, it is still further intensified by the bold sweep outward of the hand, the strong, stiff thumb, the excessive hardness of the palm and the presence of only a few lines. The possessor of such a powerful hand would enjoy perfect health and be characterised by his amazing strength and energy and absolute fearlessness. Moreover, both hands show remarkable balance, which augurs well



THE RIGHT HAND.

for tremendous success, as is evidenced by their shapeliness, the fine, well-developed fingers of normal length, and the exceptional talent and presence of mind as manifested in the left hand keeping in check and wisely regulating the forcefulness and impetuosity shown in the right. The hands also attest the possession of good dramatic and musical powers, self-reliance, dogged pertinacity, thoroughness, and a happy, sportsmanlike disposition. That the life and career has been an unusually eventful and prosperous one is abundantly clear from the peculiar life and fate lines as shown in the right hand. The life-line proper commences under the second finger halfway down the hand, while the line of fate begins from the side beneath the third and fourth fingers and runs towards the first, connecting the life-line to the single heavy line crossing the entire palm. The line (line of influence) just inside and also sending a branch out to join the line of life at the junction where it meets the line of fate, testifies to the powerful influence of the mother and of the strong, mutual affection existing between them. The short horizontal line beneath the fourth finger bespeaks a happy married life, while the line commencing from between the first and second fingers denotes sympathy and thoughtful consideration for others."

THE HAPPY PAIR: THE CHIEF OF THE FOLLIES; HIS LEADING LADY; AND HIS WIFE.



MR. H. G. PÉLISSIER, OF THE FOLLIES, AND HIS BRIDE, MISS FAY COMPTON, WHO WERE MARRIED ON SATURDAY.

The "Pétit" has at last been potted—by Cupid's dart—after having for many years protested his invulnerability, and, as Benedick says in "Much Ado," "after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others." Mr. H. G. Péliissier, well known as the chief of the Follies, at the Apollo Theatre, is, as his name indicates, French on his father's side, while his mother was English. He is descended from Marshal Péliissier, Duc de Malakoff, who lived from 1794 to 1864. Mr. Péliissier was intended to be a diamond merchant, like his father, but when he arrived at years of discretion he elected to scintillate on the stage, to the greater

gality of nations. His bride, Miss Fay Compton, who is only seventeen, is the latest of his leading ladies at the Apollo. She comes of a famous theatrical family. Her father, Mr. Edward Compton, is well known as the head of the Compton Comedy Company, with which he has been touring for the last twenty years, and her grandfather, Henry Compton, was a distinguished Shakespearean actor. Her mother, whose maiden (and stage) name was Virginia Bateman, was a daughter of the late Colonel Bateman, formerly manager of the Lyceum. The wedding took place on Saturday at St. Peter's Church, Great Windmill Street. [Photographs by Hana.]

HIS MAJESTY'S. Proprietor, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.
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WYNDHAM'S. At 8.30. **GERALD du MAURIER** and Co. in
THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND, by ALFRED SUTRO. Mat. Weds. Sats. 2.30.

EMPIRE. The GREAT AERIAL SMITHS, MR. HYMACK,
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Sixty-Eight Years on the Stage. Mrs.
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On the Wallaby: Through Victoria. E. M.
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"MRS. MAXON PROTESTS."

NOT lightly would Mr. Anthony Hope ("Mrs. Maxon Pro-
tests." Methuen, 6s.), so mature and cynical an observer,
give a *grande passion* to man or woman of his world.
He knows that *grandes passions* are too rare for refined realism,
that they strain mind and circumstance too grotesquely; nor
could his Mrs. Maxon conceivably contribute one. Her protesting
is a modern and delicate affair—delicate in the sense of its
fine adjustment to the rather complicated demands which women
are busy making nowadays. Not that Mrs. Maxon could in any
further sense be called a "new" woman. Her prototypes are
ancient, they take one back as far as Eve or Helen. She
yearned to know and live brilliantly, and she had a way with men.
When she cried "Inkpat!" meaning incompatibility, she stated
the whole case against her husband. The rightful word was
far too long, "besides being, as I say impartial. So I took
to calling it by a pet name of my own. That makes it
come over to my side." And "inkpat" meant all the thousand
and one unendurable things he did and said to her: dicta-
torial things, of a small, unconscious tyranny, for Cyril Maxon,
who gave his wife, materially, a quite handsome everything,
expected those natural pleasing results which reward expenditure
in other properties. But Winnie envied "the raggedest,
hungriest child" playing in the street, "because at least it may
be itself." This was probably one of her many mistakes, no
one being more tyrannised over than a child, but she presently
went down to her cousin Stephen Aikenhead's, determined to be
herself at the cost of all which Cyril Maxon could give her. A few
days found her encouraging the flirtations of a guest, and a
few weeks saw her writing a luggage-label on which she described
herself as "Mrs. Ledstone." Godfrey Ledstone was the name of
the flirtatious guest, and she was departing with him for a small
studio flat where she meant to reign, not as his mistress—but wife, by
that divine right of being oneself. (She had an instinct for wrapping
up ambiguous documents in chastely designed envelopes.) But her
instinct for the right man played her as false with Godfrey Ledstone
as with Cyril Maxon. And being as easily attracted by men as she
was attractive to them, further adventures go to her history. At
this time of day there is no need to recommend the delightful wit
which adorns Mr. Hope's great and almost terrible knowledge of
people as they really are. He has never come down the road to us
in a preacher's gown. He is too intent on the drama of conduct,
and too much concerned with the reproduction of its fine shades,
to stay for such classification as "This I like" or "That I dis-
approve of." And nevertheless, so adroit, so reassuring are his
methods that he can triumphantly carry the dialogues of one Dolly
through a society that would indignantly write off an obscure
Jude or a Madame Bovary upon its index.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on
its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.
Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be
fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to
three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,
and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and
jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are
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Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be
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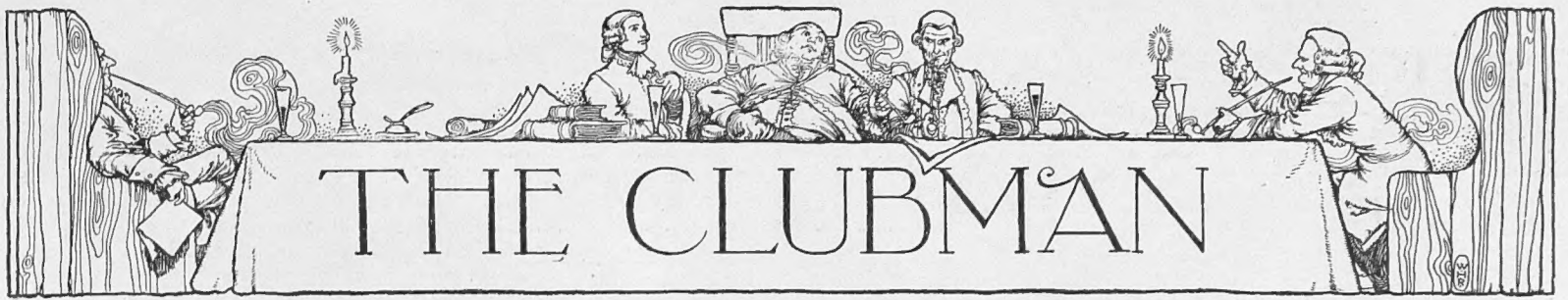
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With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the
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payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



The Blue Posts.

Taking my walks abroad through a London that had the atmosphere of a partially cooled oven, I noticed that the house of the Old Blue Posts, the famous old tavern in Cork Street, is being altered and redecorated to form a club-house. Many men whose hair is grey will sigh over the disappearance of an old tavern the dining-room of which was sacred to the best of good British food. In the palmy days of the Blue Posts, the mainstay of that portion of the house given over to dining was Frank, the old German waiter, who had been in the employ of the house for fifteen years, who had served in the German army, and had been wounded in the hand during the Franco-German War. He had white hair and a white moustache and the look of an old soldier, and he knew more about British fare than any Briton I have ever met.

The Rules of the House.

Certain excellent rules at the Blue Posts were never departed from. A guest might order his fish to be ready at any hour he pleased, and his order was received with becoming respect; but no fish was ever put near the fire until the man who was going to eat it was in the house. Of course, this probably entailed some waiting on the part of the diner, even if he had ordered soup as his first course; but the fried or devilled sole that was placed in front of him was done to the second. Another custom of the house was that the steaks—and steak was a great stand-by at the Blue Posts—were cut from the mass of meat just before they were placed upon the grill, thus keeping in the meat all its juices instead of allowing them to strain away. Potatoes in their jackets generally accompanied the steak, and, in winter, marrow-bones, very large and very hot, were the last course of the dinner, unless the Cheddar cheese could be counted as a course. There was some excellent port at the Old Blue Posts, and the Burgundy of the house was worthy of serious consideration.

Aerial Postmen.

That one of the flying postmen should have fallen and hurt himself very seriously is a cause for real regret, but I cannot see what useful purpose can be served in carrying letters from Hendon to Windsor in the air. If the airmen were able to carry letters from the General Post Office there might be a real reason for their risking life and limb in transmission of some extremely important despatch at a great rate of speed, though for messages of any supreme importance the telephone and the telegraph are likely to remain swifter carriers than the aeroplane. On the other hand, the aeroplane scouts at the French manoeuvres are proving that they will be in the future a necessity to every army. They risk life and limb to do what no other scout can do, they see

what no other scout can see, and, unless they are very unlucky, can always bring back their information to headquarters.

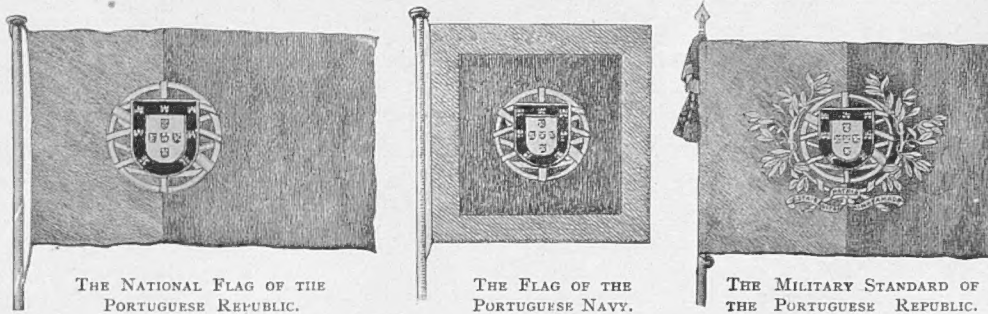
Good Luck to Lord Kitchener.

Lord Kitchener, who has left for Egypt to take up his appointment with the good wishes of all Englishmen, and especially of all soldiers, dined with his old regiment, the Royal Engineers, at Brompton Barracks, Chatham, before he sailed. If Lord Kitchener were impressionable,

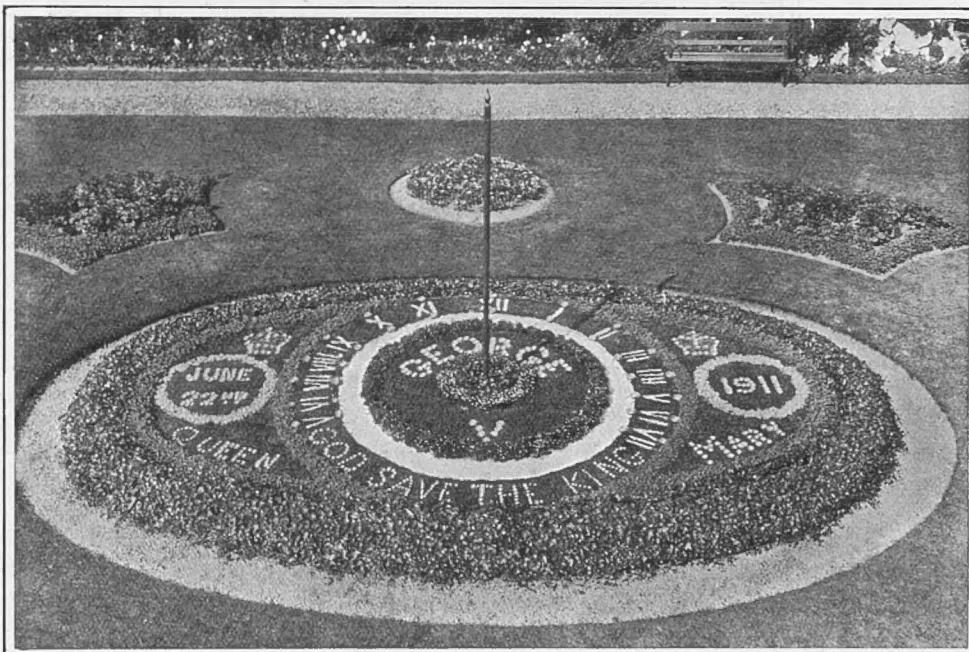
which he is not, the statue of Gordon which is one of the ornaments of Chatham might have given him cause to think; but Lord Kitchener goes out to Egypt in very different times from those in which Chinese Gordon went to his death at Khartoum. Whatever may happen in Egypt proper, the British flag will always fly at the junction of the Niles; for the Sudan was reconquered by British bayonets and British money, and there are no enthusiastic Nationalists at Omdurman who suggest that it should be given back to the rule of the descendants of the Mahdi. Lord Kitchener has an abundance of difficulties before him as the adviser of the Khedive, but they are the difficulties of a diplomatist rather than of a soldier. It is one of the little ironies of fate that Lord Kitchener, who refused the post at Malta because there would not be enough work for him there unless a general European conflagration broke out, should now be in a country which commands the water-gate to India, but with an abundance of work to keep him busy, whether the battle of Armageddon be in the remote future or near at hand.

The Pax Britanica is about to be broken by the little expedition against the Abors, who have murdered a British official; and it will be an expedition of unusual difficulty, for the country in which the fighting will take place is exceedingly awkward, being of very dense jungle. General Bower, who is to command the expedition, is the explorer who has done such fine work in Tibet and other blank spaces on the map, and is a soldier of unusual determination even amongst determined soldiers. A regiment of Gurkhas is to be part of the advanced column, and another regiment of Gurkhas is to be with the reserve. These little warriors from Nepal,

though they come from the hills, are admirable jungle fighters, for the national weapon, the kukri, a splendid *arme blanche* in hand-to-hand fighting, serves also as a fine chopper for cutting a way through jungle. The Abors are said to have closed all the passes, to have called all the tribes that are their friends to their assistance, and to be preparing to utilise the natural difficulties of their country to the uttermost; but I fancy that General Bower and the Gurkhas and Pioneers and police will make short work of this tribe of murderers.



"COLOURS" OF THE NEWLY RECOGNISED REPUBLIC: FLAGS OF PORTUGAL.
It is announced that the British Government has instructed its Chargé d'Affaires at Lisbon to arrange with the representatives of the other Powers there the date upon which formal recognition shall be extended to the Portuguese Republic.



FLOWER-BED, SUNDIAL, AND LOYAL TRIBUTE IN ONE: AN INTERESTING CORONATION BED.
This particularly interesting Coronation flower-bed and sundial is the work of Mr. Richard B. Smalley, of Castleon, and his gardener. The groundwork is of moss, while the borders are pyrethrum, blue lobelia, and beetroot, with ivy round the outside. The letters and crowns are of echeverias. The Roman numerals and the broad white ring of the dial are of marble chippings. The size of the bed is 14 ft. by 10 ft.



A NIECE of Lord Shrewsbury, of Lady Londonderry, and of Muriel Lady Helmsley, Miss Little will vastly lengthen her list of relatives when she marries Mr. Paul St. Clair. Her husband-elect is a nephew of Lord Sinclair, but that counts for less than the distinction bestowed on him by a chance acquaintance. The acquaintance began after a regimental dinner, when Mr. St. Clair had kindly given his arm to a gentleman somewhat confused as to his direction. Safely guided to his door, he asked his benefactor's name. "Oh, call me Paul," said the other lightly, not over-anxious to inaugurate a friendship by establishing

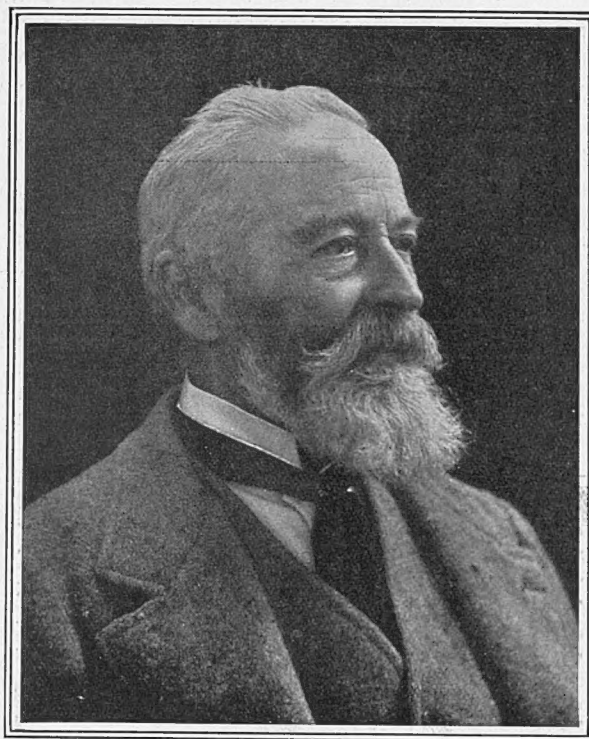
Little Tranby, Hickelton Hall, Nostell Priory, and other neighbouring houses. From Sandbeck, Lord and Lady Scarborough's place near Rotherham, another large party came. Indeed, many of the more ardent of racegoers were put up by Lord and Lady Scarbrough, who, it may be recalled, might easily have been the owners of Rufford, a property once associated with their peerage. Mr. and Mrs. Rochfort Maguire, Sir Hedworth and Lady Meux, who discussed with various interested friends the prospect of leaving Doncaster and horses for elephants and the Durbar; Mr. Mark



A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE TWELFTH LORD PETRE: MISS DOROTHY TRAFFORD.
Miss Dorothy Trafford is a daughter of Mr. Edward Southwell Trafford, of Wroxham Hall, Norwich, and of his second wife, the late Hon. Mrs. Trafford, who died in 1908. Miss Trafford's mother was a daughter of the twelfth Baron Petre. Her father is a Justice of the Peace for Norfolk.
Photograph by Lallie Charles.

his real identity. "Paul—the very man I wanted," said the other; "tell me, Paul, tell me—did you ever get an answer to your Third to the Corinthians?" For the time being Mr. Paul St. Clair's epistles come, not from the Corinthians, but from a congratulating circle of twentieth-century friends.

At Rufford Abbey. Lord and Lady Savile, after a year's closing of the Royal Pavilion, this year resumed their place among the central figures of the Doncaster Week. Lady Savile had at one time feared that indisposition would make a second year a racing blank for them, but last week her friends found her re-endowed with much of her accustomed health, and Lord Savile, as a matter of course, looked perennially robust. Lord Cadogan gave Lady Cadogan her first Doncaster experiences, and very pleasant



MARRIED AGAIN AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-ONE: LORD SUFFIELD.

Lord Suffield, who was born in 1830, has married as his second wife Mrs. Rich, widow of the late Colonel Rich. The wedding took place quietly last month at Marylebone Parish Church, but was only announced a few days ago. He met Mrs. Rich twenty-four years ago in India, when serving with his regiment, and also knew Colonel Rich. Lord Suffield has two sons and seven daughters, among them being Countess Carrington and Mrs. Derek Keppel.

Photograph by Edis.

ones they must have been, seeing how cordially she was received by new friends. Mary Lady Gerard, Mr. and Mrs. Hwfa Williams, Lord and Lady Brooke, and many others managed to display towards the altogether charming German Ambassador a cordiality that perhaps surprised some of the more innocent readers of the "leaders" and letters appearing of late in the Press.

Men, Women, and Steeds. Doncaster was well supplied with people besides from Wentworth Woodhouse,

begging - letter from a man who claimed to have been at Balliol with him. "That cannot be; there is Latin verse in his letter, it is true, but it is misquoted!" On that ground, he handed the document to the police. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, another man of verses and of the sea, is justly proud of his son's arduous attempt the other day to save an aged friend from drowning. None of these young heroes, however, agrees to take to the water again, as Burgess has done, for the benefit of the cinematographer.



GOING TO INDIA FOR THE DURBAR: THE COUNTESS OF CAVAN.

The Countess of Cavan, who is going to India this autumn to be present at the Coronation Durbar at Delhi, married the Earl of Cavan in 1893. She is a daughter of the late Mr. George Baden Crawley. Her husband is Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, and he served in the South African War.

Photograph by Walter Barnett.



GOING TO INDIA FOR THE DURBAR: CORA COUNTESS OF STRAFFORD.

Cora Countess of Strafford is the widow of the fourth Earl, who married her, as his second wife, in 1898, and died the following year. She had been previously married to the late Mr. S. Colgate, of the United States. In 1903 she married her third husband, Mr. Martyn Thomas Kennard.

Photograph by Thomson.

Sykes, M.P., once the Parliamentary Secretary, and always the close friend of his host's close connection, Mr. George Wyndham; Lord and Lady Middleton, Lady Ormonde, and Lord Villiers were all of the party.

Rhyme and Tide. The poets have been famous swimmers, even if Byron was outpaced in Italian waters by Trelawny, who was no poet, and Swinburne was nearly drowned at Etretat. Now the poets are content to watch their sons in the water. Mr. Robert Bridges, Oxford's chosen poet, must write a ballad about the swimming of Ullswater by his son and the sixteen-year-old daughter of his friend, Lord Farrar. Lord Farrar is of Oxford, too, and a reader, if not a maker, of poetry. Only a few months ago he detected fraud in a



LADY OF THE BEDCHAMBER TO QUEEN MARY: THE COUNTESS OF SHAFTESBURY.

The Countess of Shaftesbury, who was formerly Lady Constance Sibell Grosvenor, is a daughter of the late Earl Grosvenor. She married the Earl of Shaftesbury in 1899, and has one son, Lord Ashley, and two daughters. She is a Lady of the Bedchamber, and her husband is Lord Chamberlain to the Queen.

Photograph by Bullingham.

"DEALT WITH" IN PRINCESS LOUISA OF TUSCANY'S "OWN STORY":

PEOPLE WHO FIGURE IN THE MEMOIRS; AND A COLLABORATOR.



1. MRS. MAUDE MARY CHESTER FOULKES, WHO HELPED THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY TO PREPARE HER BOOK, "MY OWN STORY," FOR THE PRESS.
2. PRINCESS MATHILDE OF SAXONY, SISTER-IN-LAW OF THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS, A "GREAT AMATEUR ARTIST" WHO "GOES IN FOR FIGURE SUBJECTS AND COVERS HUGE CANVASES."
3. PRINCESS LOUISA OF TUSCANY, EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY, WHOSE MEMOIRS, "MY OWN STORY," ARE AROUSING SO MUCH COMMENT.

4. AFTER SHE HAD DECIDED TO COMPROMISE HERSELF THAT SHE MIGHT NOT HAVE TO RETURN TO DRESDEN: THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY OUT WALKING WITH M. GIRON.
5. PRINCESS LOUISA AS MARIE ANTOINETTE, WHO, SHE SAYS, WAS ALWAYS HELD UP AS AN EXAMPLE TO HER WHEN IT WAS DESIRED TO SHOW HER THE FATE THAT BEFELL THE ROYALTIES WHO DARED TO TRIFLE WITH THE PEOPLE.

6. AFTER HER SECOND MARRIAGE: THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY WITH HER HUSBAND, SIGNOR TOSELLI, ON HER WEDDING-DAY.
7. DEALT WITH BY THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS IN THE EXTRAORDINARY CHAPTER "J'ACCUSE": BARON GEORGE VON METSCH.
8. PRINCESS LOUISA OF TUSCANY'S FIRST HUSBAND: PRINCE FREDERICK AUGUST, NOW KING OF SAXONY.
9. THE LATE KING GEORGE OF SAXONY, THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS'S FATHER-IN-LAW.

In "My Own Story," the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony deals decidedly severely with the Saxon Court as it was in her day, and with various personalities connected with it. It may be noted that throughout her book she speaks in the pleasantest way of her husband, now King of Saxony. Of her marriage with Signor Toselli, she writes: "I desired to be protected as a wife, so that the tongues of slander might be silenced, and that is one of the reasons why I married Signor Toselli." Princess Louisa was born at Salzburg on September 2, 1870, daughter of Ferdinand IV., Grand Duke of Tuscany, and Princess Alice of Parma. Her marriage to Prince Frederick August of Saxony took place in Vienna on November 21, 1891. The divorce was pronounced in Dresden on February 11, 1903. Her marriage to Signor Enrico Toselli took place in London on September 25, 1907. Five Illustrations from "My Own Story" by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Eveleigh Nash; Others by Dover Street Studios and Illus. Bureau. (See "The Literary Lounge.")



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.



OFFICIAL wasp-catchers have been appointed in some parts of the country, but no special uniform has yet been designed for them. From the reports of those who have engaged in single combat with a wasp, a complete suit of mediæval armour would seem the most appropriate dress. With the visor made of glass, of course; for it would be awkward if a wasp got into the killer's helmet, and refused to come out.

"It is as easy to learn to control an aeroplane as it is to learn to ride a bicycle," says an expert. Yes; but the bother is that you have considerably farther to fall.

The Clerk of the Weather, Dr. H. R. Mill, means to harness the sun, and make him do the work of the world, before Sir W. Ramsay's coal famine comes along. Incidentally he will abolish strikes, for if the sun does all our work for us we shall have nothing to do but lie on our backs and bite pieces out of the roast pigs as they fly by us.

People who have hitherto taken no interest whatever in art now go and stare for hours at the blank space and the four hooks on which "La Gioconda" used to hang in the Louvre. This shows that the public only wants a little encouragement to take a really intelligent view of artistic matters.

Here in England, too, we are not without our appreciation of the Old Masters. Women are unanimously of opinion that the green angel looks sweet in the new picture at the National Gallery. We may now expect an epidemic of green angels in artistic circles.

The traditional cure for the tarantula dance, which has broken out in the Troad, is, according to a correspondent of the *Times*, to make the sufferers drunk and bake them in an oven, with only their heads sticking out. In paper bags, and with a dab of butter, let us hope.

At Neyland the authorities have decided to allow the village pump to be used, on Sundays, except during the hours of divine service. Neyland seems to be gradually getting over the old-fashioned navy's idea that Sunday should be spent drinking bottled beer in an unwashed condition.

The grim humour of a mirage consists in its appearing to travellers who are fainting with thirst in a desert. There can be little fun in pretending to be a pool in the Mall, in the very centre of ten million taps all running with de-microbed water.

Now, if the mirage in the Mall had appeared at Warmley (Glos), where people were boiling their potatoes in beer, there would have been some

humour in it, as the cooks might have imagined for a moment that they were going to be chiselled out of the dish of their lives.

Signor Leoncavallo is a man of daring originality. He has ventured to speak of "London, where the sun shines and the world smiles" Not a word, mark you, of the dense fog which always wraps the city on the Thames in its murky embrace, etc. Coming on the top of months of uninterrupted sunshine and torrid heat, this leaves us gasping and almost too weak to congratulate and thank the maestro.

THE HARVEST MOON.

(In most parts of the kingdom the harvest was carried before the coming of the Harvest Moon.)

The Golden Harvest Moon looked out
Across the close-shorn field,
Where she was wont to aid the men

Who gather autumn's yield
At dusk, with the refulgent light
Thrown from her burnished shield.

She looked across an empty space,
Silent, and void of corn,
From which the mellow stalks of wheat
By reapers had been torn,
And lay, no more to wake to life
Till next year's crop be born.

There, glumly leaning o'er a gate,
A farming man she spied,
And, in her voice inaudible,
"Where is the harvest?"
cried.
"It's all been carted long ago,"
He surlily replied.

It is quite a mistake to suppose, because Lord Kitchener got his first chance in life owing to his ability to take photographs, that he is the author of the famous phrase, "Look pleasant, Miss; think of 'im."

Burgess, the Channel swimmer, is not "too old at forty."

Round-faced beauties are supplanting oval-faced beauties in England, says a well-known male novelist (name!). Well, as long as they really are beauties, the mere man will not care a rap whether their faces are egg-shaped or moon-shaped.

Mrs. Bryan, of the U.S.A., has left her husband on account of his unbearable opulence. He wanted, she says, to make her his doll and to choose her clothes for her, and parade her before his friends. Mrs. Bryan must be bracketed with Queen Vashti and Nora Helmer.

THE REVOLTING CADDIES.

(On an Irish golf course the caddies have protested against the vehemence of the language employed by sportsmen.)

When you're playing Irish golf
Bad language must be "off,"
And the reason undeniably is quaint;
You must not lose your hair,
Cuss or rave, or stamp or swear,
Lest the caddies should be horrified and faint.
You must not say "What ho!"
Or "Jigger it!" or "Blow!"
When your drive results in crumpling up
the tee;
If you miss an easy putt,
You must never say "Tut-tut!"
And the furthest you may go is, "Oh,
dear me!"



THE CHILDREN OF THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY.

APROPOS OF PRINCESS LOUISA OF TUSCANY'S "MY OWN STORY."



1. A SNAPSHOT OF HER FIRST HUSBAND BY THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY: PRINCE FREDERICK AUGUST, NOW KING OF SAXONY.

2. THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY'S DAUGHTERS: PRINCESSES MARGARET, MARIA ALICE, AND ANNA MONICA OF SAXONY.

3. THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY'S SECOND SON: PRINCE FREDERICK CHRISTIAN OF SAXONY (TIA).

4. THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS'S ELDEST SON: CROWN PRINCE GEORGE (IURY).

5. THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS'S YOUNGEST SON: PRINCE ERNEST HENRY OF SAXONY (ERNI).

In "My Own Story," Princess Louisa of Tuscany, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, tells at some length the story of her separation from her children, and relates, for example, how she returned to Dresden at the end of 1904 in an endeavour to see them and her husband, the King. She was arrested near the Taschenberg Palace, was escorted to the Hotel Bellevue, and subsequently left the city for Leipzig and later San Domenico. In the preface to the book, she says: "Hitherto I have maintained silence, because I have disdained to reply to those who have maligned me. It has, however, been indicated to me that as my sons are now approaching an age when the mendacious assertions in question may be communicated to them, it is my duty, as their mother, to make public the actual reasons which led to my leaving Dresden and to my ultimate banishment from Saxony." Prince George was born in January 1893; Prince Frederick Christian in December 1893; Prince Ernest Henry in December 1896; Princess Margaret in January 1900; Princess Maria in September 1901; and Princess Anna Monica in May 1903.

Reproduced from "My Own Story" by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Eveleigh Nash. (See "The Literary Lounger.")



The Successor to "The Arcadians."

If "The Mousmé" has not such a remarkably long run as "The Arcadians"—which, however, may not be the case—the reason will be that Messrs. Courtneidge and Thompson, the authors, have been too ambitious and too humble; or, stating the matter more simply, have endeavoured, without complete success, to blend different styles. The story of pretty O Hana, her lover Fujiwara, and the wicked Yamaki belongs to serious opera, and might well have been treated quite earnestly; but most of the humours are musical comedy, and from time to time the action of the play is suspended to make room for comicalities quite deficient in subtlety, which, however, in many instances greatly amused the house. Still, there is very much to recommend the piece and justify its enthusiastic reception, and in speaking of the humours one must not overlook the cleverness of the lyrics by Mr. Arthur Wimperis and Mr. Percy Greenbank. The most charming element of the piece is the delightful singing and excellent acting of Miss Florence Smithson as O Hana; and Mr. Harry Workman, in the character of her lover, sang and acted very well, showing, indeed, a very useful passion in his work. Moreover, Mr. Eric Maturin played the villain effectively. Mr. Dan Rolyat, as the professional fortune-teller, caused a great deal of laughter; and in a lugubrious part, presumably designed for another actor, Mr. George Hestor was very successful; indeed, his song, "The Corner of My Eye," was one of the hits of the evening. Nor would it be fair to overlook the valuable aid given by Miss Ada Blanche, Mr. Nelson Keys, and Mr. George Elton. The scenery and setting charmed the audience, and the earthquake received abundant applause.

"The Taming of the Shrew" Up to Date.

The original Petruchio is a detestable brute; the new one—Mr. Nicholas Fawsitt, called "the Ogre" by his family—is quite a pleasant fellow, except in an incomprehensible episode where one may say he was hardly himself. Katharine was a splendid creature, well worth taming, but Dorinda, Mrs. Fawsitt, is a silly little cat who deserved a whipping for her stupidity and maliciousness. The ingenious dramatist, by means of his stagecraft, his entertaining dialogue, and clever character sketches, has produced an amusing work, decidedly farcical in character, and given to Sir George Alexander, as the good-natured, strong-willed Ogre, a part that suits him very well and is played by him delightfully. Dorinda is not really humanised, and although Miss Kate Cutler played some of her scenes well, she did not succeed in giving a very vivid or interesting picture of the vixen. Mr. A. E. Matthews was Mr. A. E. Matthews most

successfully in an amusing A. E. Matthews part. Mr. Sydney Valentine was really entertaining as a gruff old gardener who had tamed his Xantippe, and Mr. C. M. Hallard presented the would-be lover of Mrs. Fawsitt cleverly. To Miss Maidie Hope praise may be given for vigorous and skilful work in the part of a vulgar music-hall singer. Mr. Owen Nares and Mr. Reynolds acted neatly.

A Woman's Rights Play.

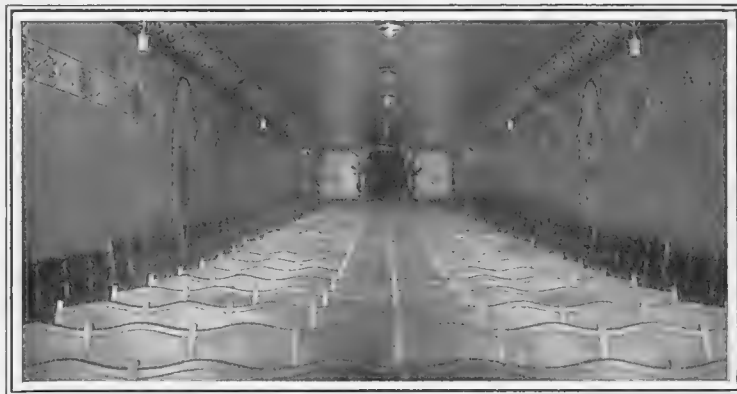
Pleasure or displeasure in Mr. Sutro's piece, "The Perplexed Husband," will depend largely upon the attitude of the playgoer towards the Suffragettes. The majority of the first-night audience consisted of anti-Suffragettes, and applauded vigorously. To me the work is disappointing merely as drama, because the parties are so ill-matched that the necessary element of strife which forms the plot is very weak. Mrs. Pelling, the wife who revolts, is as much of a fool as the heroine of "The Ogre," and manifestly does not understand anything about the cause which she (and Mr. Sutro) misrepresent; whilst the device adopted for subjugating her is almost as old as "The Taming of the Shrew," and quite as farcical. There are amusing scenes in the play, chiefly in the first act, whilst the author has kept something in hand for the fourth, in the quaint elopement of the beautiful—and quite impossible—typist and the elderly humbug who deserts the cause of Women's Rights. An able company has been engaged. Miss Athene Seyler played quite admirably as the foolish wife, and a newcomer, Miss Enid Bell, was triumphant by means of her beauty and an able rendering of the typist, Kalleia da Vinci, otherwise Margaret Green; whilst Miss Henrietta Watson acted superbly as a militant Suffragette. Mr. Du Maurier represented the perplexed Pelling perfectly, and praise is due to Miss Maud Millett and Messrs. Lyall Swete and A. E. Benedict.

"The Hope."

There is hardly space to do justice to Drury Lane's latest effort, "The Hope." There is an earthquake and a fire, in which four members of the company

enjoy a most thrilling escape; there is the Derby, with real horses doing a real gallop in a place which might conceivably be mistaken for Epsom Downs; and there is a vigorous story, rather more coherent than usual, of the wickedness of a Baronet who fathered his own crimes upon a harmless young Earl, and ultimately got badly hit by backing the wrong horse. The outstanding feature of the acting is Mr. Frederick Ross's rendering of a money-lender who, like Shylock, had a daughter, and, unlike Shylock, proved himself a very kindly human being; but Mr. Lyston Lyle, Mr. Charles Rock, Miss Evelyn D'Alroy, Miss

Madge Fabian, Miss Fanny Brough, and Miss Kate Rorke all contributed to the latest of Mr. Arthur Collins's triumphant successes, for that "The Hope" will be triumphant seems beyond doubt.



TO HOLD A FLOATING AUDIENCE: THE INTERIOR OF A DUTCH CINEMATOGRAPH THEATRE BUILT ON A BARGE.



ADAPTED FOR A LAND WHICH IS MOSTLY WATER: THE EXTERIOR OF A FLOATING CINEMATOGRAPH THEATRE IN HOLLAND.

In Holland there is more water than land, and in order to carry the delights of a cinematograph show about the country there has been devised a floating theatre, built on a barge. The theatre is about 162 feet long, and the interior, shown in the upper photograph, is comfortably fitted up and can hold an audience of 430. A movable bridge or gangway leads from the canal bank to the entrance. In order to check any vibration of the electric-light apparatus, a floor of reinforced concrete, some fifteen inches thick, is placed beneath it. The proprietors of this floating theatre intend to tour all over Europe with it.—[Photographs by M. S. Van Dias.]

DAUGHTER OF "SOMETHING IN THE CITY"; AND HEROINE.

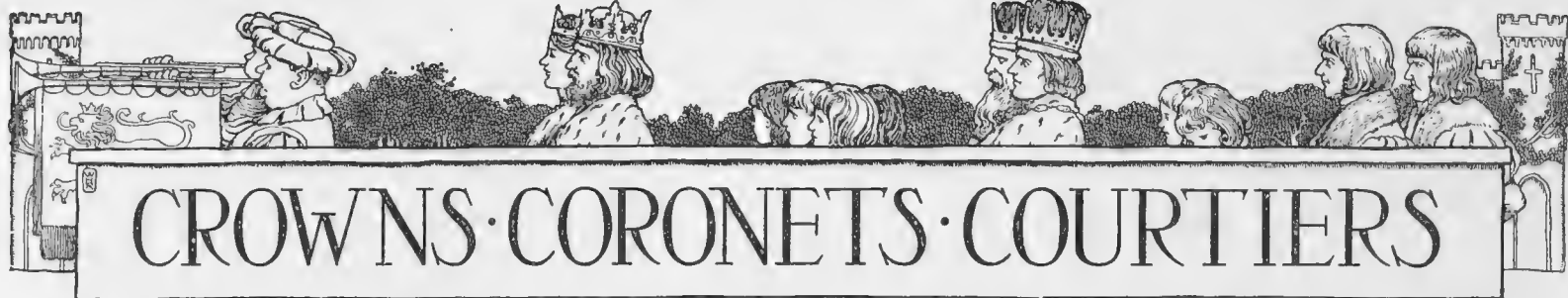
LEADING LADIES IN "THE HOPE," AT DRURY LANE.



1 AND 2. MISS MADGE FABIAN AS OLIVE WHITBURN.

3 AND 4. MISS EVELYN D'ALROY AS BRENDA CARLYON.

Olive Whitburn is the daughter of Michael Whitburn, "Something in the City," who, in point of fact, is none other than Morton Dudley, the great and notorious money-lender. Brenda Carlyon is of more aristocratic stock, yet must act as companion to her friend Olive. Now Brenda becomes engaged to the Earl of Norchester, and, as Fate wills it, it is Olive's name which is coupled—unwarrantably and unfortunately—with the young Earl's when there comes the "Scandal" which causes Brenda to break off her engagement. In the end—need it be said?—matters are cleared up satisfactorily for all concerned. Miss Madge Fabian and Miss Evelyn D'Alroy play the parts capitally.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

SINCE the King must have his Ministers at Balmoral, their personalities, as necessary participators in the royal holiday, must be studied in a new light. Does the man who makes a success in the Commons make a success in the Castle? What of the loud and competent manner of Mr. Birrell in debate, the rather secretive pitch of Mr. Asquith's voice, the challenging vigour of Mr. Churchill? The Home Secretary, we know, carries not a little of his Westminster method to other places, so that he consents to build castles on the Broadstairs sands only if Diana is there to knock them down. As for Mr. Birrell the holiday-maker, and the "P.M.," as Mr. Asquith is called at home, out of hours, it may be said that Balmoral appreciates their company almost as much as they appreciate Balmoral.

King and Mister.

Almost alone among the Ministers, Mr. Lloyd George makes his journey to the Highlands solely on account of the King's command. Mr. Asquith, Lord Haldane, and Mr. Birrell have all learnt to take their holidays

Thomson has gone to Lewes for his lady, Miss Catherine Ingram; their engagement is now announced. Chichester gives Miss Lilian Bostock to a neighbour in Surrey, and every township in Sussex seems to boast a bride the disposal of whose hand is a matter of moment in at least ten counties. Mr. Ralph Pollock's marriage will take place in India, but the lovely village of Steyning under the Downs will make great note of it.

At Crom Castle. The Duke of Connaught's prolonged farewells, even if he himself says he is an unconscionable time a-going, are greatly to the liking of his friends. In Ireland, both Sir John Leslie and Lord and Lady Erne have profited from his ample method of taking his leave. At Crom Castle, a large party was invited to meet him, and there, or somewhere else, at one of the meals, a guest learnt a little lesson in an out-of-the-way sort of etiquette. At the end of the feast, finding his fingers imbrued in the juice of a peach, the guest in question asked the servant for a finger-bowl. The servant



ENGAGED TO MR. X. G. PAVLIDES: MISS GWGLADYS VENTRY CANNING.

Miss Canning is a daughter of the late Mr. P. W. G. Canning, R.N., and of Mrs. Hartley, of 8, Redcliffe Gardens. Mr. Pavlides is a barrister-at-law and managing director of the Hermione Mines Company, of Athens.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

where they have taken Parliamentary seats. Mr. Balfour, who was his Majesty's guest last week, is a Scot, and one has almost grown to regard his political opponents as his fellow-countrymen. Mr. Birrell used, as his leader chaffingly reminds him, to claim the tombstones of certain Scottish ancestors, and Lord Haldane has actually got Scots blood in his veins: but not a single drop belongs to Mr. Asquith. And if any generalisation can be made in regard to King George and his Ministers, it is that the present holders of office, while they might have been less congenial to the late King than such men as those who have been holiday-making with Lord Londonderry and Lord Lansdowne, they have been well received by a monarch who is not too young for mature company.

The Sex in Sussex.

From Sussex, queen of counties, has come a troop of the season's brides. Since, earlier in the summer, Miss Brand and her young lord were wedded in the very heart of the county, it has been set beating for matrimony. Captain Angus



ENGAGED TO THE HON. DUDLEY CARLETON: THE HON. KATHLEEN DE BLAQUIERE.

Miss de Blaquiére, who is the only daughter of the sixth Baron de Blaquiére, was born in 1891. Mr. Dudley Carleton is the only son of Baroness Dorchester, and was born in 1876.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



TO VISIT INDIA WITH HER PARENTS FOR THE DURBAR: LADY IRENE DENISON.

Lady Irene Denison is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Londesborough. She was born in 1890. She has two brothers—Viscount Raincliffe, born in 1892, and the Hon. Hugo William Cecil Denison, born in 1894. Her mother is a daughter of the twelfth Earl of Westmorland.—[Photograph by Sarony.]



ENGAGED TO MR. MAURICE W. WRAY: MISS COLINA KINLOCH CAMPBELL.

Miss Campbell is the youngest daughter, of the late Major-General R. B. P. P. Campbell, C.B., and of Mrs. Campbell, of 55, Longridge Road. Mr. Wray, of Las Concavas, Costa Rica, is the younger son of Mr. Herbert G. Wray, of Cloughton Hall, Yorkshire.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

looked intelligent, but did not bring it. His neighbour volunteered an explanation. "You can't have a finger-bowl: nobody is allowed to wash in the presence of royalty." This, of course, was a gloss on the old tradition which still banishes finger-bowls from some loyal tables when royalty is a guest, and all because Jacobites made the finger-bowl their unconscious ally in drinking the health of the King—*over the water*. Needless to say that the King himself, last and greatest in the procession of the Duke's hosts, does not thus under-bowl his guests.

The Harlech Statistics.

Lord Harlech, the latest of the Barons to rid himself of acres, keeps land enough to endow his title and his heir. He has but one son and at least three houses. If his own family had been planned on the scale of his father-in-law's he would have found tenants and to spare among his children. Lady Harlech was a daughter of the tenth Marquess of Huntley, who had seven sons and seven daughters.

IN THE FIRST FLIGHT OF HAPPINESS: THE AEROMOON.



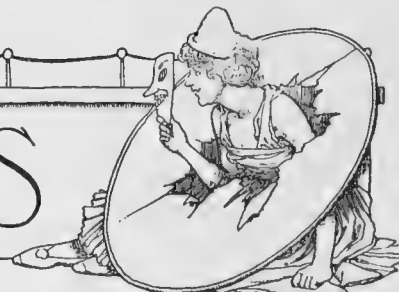
A FLYING-MACHINE MARRIAGE: THE AIRMAN AND HIS BRIDE AFTER THE CEREMONY.

It cannot be said that the aeroplane wedding has become common or even fashionable, but that such a wedding has taken place is a fact. This drawing, which comes to us from France, gives an excellent idea of what such a marriage should be. The first airman to favour the idea was Mr. Lee, of the United States, whose marriage took place the other day while his fiancée and himself were seated in a flying-machine, on which, having received the parson's blessing, they set out for their honeymoon.

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT.



STAR TURNS



MISS NELLA WEBB.

FROM Shakespeare to the music-hall classes is the artistic record of Miss Nella Webb, who is one of the Star Turns at the Empire. The report has got abroad that she is really an English girl who has lived most of her life in America. This is not accurate. She was born in the town of Atlanta, in that typically Southern State of Georgia, and she comes of literary stock, her grandmother, Ella Wallace, being a famous writer, and

her granduncle being General Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur." She takes equal pride in the fact that she has Scotch and English blood in her veins, for one of her mother's ancestors was Sir William Wallace, and she is likewise descended from Sir John Ogden, who lived in England in the time of Charles II.

It was at the convent to which she was sent to school that she first had the opportunity of showing the dramatic gift which she possesses. Her first stage appearance was made in a musical comedy called "The Brownies," in

Later, when Miss Edna May came to London, in "The Girl from Up There," Miss Webb was in the company, playing one of the important parts, and on her return to America she was engaged by Miss Julia Marlowe. Miss Marlowe was about to produce a Southern play called "The Cavalier." For one of the leading parts—that of a young Southern girl—she had already tried five actresses and found them all wanting. Her manager was also the manager of some of the companies in which Miss Webb had sung. He thought she would do for the part, though she had never acted in a non-musical piece, and he took her down to the theatre where Miss Marlowe was rehearsing. At that time, Miss Marlowe was, in Miss Webb's estimation, the greatest English-speaking actress, and such a thing as playing in her company had never occurred to her in her remotest dreams. When Miss Marlowe saw her she found she was just the girl she wanted, so she was given the part, which she played with great success. After an interval of a year, during which time she returned to the musical-comedy stage, Miss Marlowe specially engaged her to play Anne Bullen in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," and during that season she also acted Maria in "Twelfth Night," and Audrey in "As You Like It," as well as other parts in Miss Marlowe's repertoire.

The managers of musical-comedy companies, however, refused to submit to the little actress—whom they called "The Prima Donna Soubrette," for she sings E. in alt—being lost to their stage, and they offered her such terms that it would have been madness on her part to refuse them. In one of these musical plays she had a decidedly humorous experience. She had to sing a song with the refrain, "Won't you kiss me?" One night, in one of the leading theatres in New York, a star comedian with a party of friends occupied one of the stage boxes. It was, literally, on the stage. When Miss Webb went to that side, and sang the naïve words, the comedian stretched out his hand quickly, caught her by the nose, pulled her gently up to the box, and kissed her! She starred in other plays until February last.

So delighted had she been with London and London audiences from her engagement in "The Girl From Up There" that she was always anxious to return. Mr. Whitney thought he could give her an engagement in his projected operetta season, and she came to London. Unfortunately, "Baron Trenck" failed, and Mr. Whitney decided not to produce his other operettas at that time. Under the circumstances she was without an engagement. It was then, and only then, that she thought of the music-halls. Her first engagement was to deputise for Miss Cecilia Loftus at the Coliseum for a couple of days. Then she went to the Hippodrome for two weeks, and was engaged at the Tivoli, with the result that her services have been secured for that hall, the Oxford, and the Pavilion, for forty-four weeks, and she is engaged to go to Australia next year. In spite of this success, she is more anxious than ever to go into musical comedy, for which she is peculiarly equipped by her beautiful voice and exquisite enunciation.



TO BE SEEN IN LESS RURAL SURROUNDINGS IN LONDON: THE FLONZALEY QUARTET.

The Flonzaley Quartet are to come to England at the end of October for a short visit, and will give their only recitals in London this season at the Bechstein Hall on the evening of Oct. 30 and the afternoon of Nov. 1. They will then fill several engagements in the provinces, returning to the Continent early in November.

which she played a fairy and a buttercup. She noticed that all the girls playing fairies wore their hair cut to their shoulders. Her own hair, which had never been cut since she was a baby, fell below her waist. She determined to be like the rest. Without saying a word to anyone, she cut her hair to the same length as the others. What happened when her mother, who travelled with her, saw her can be better imagined than described.

When that engagement was over, she went to New York to try to get another. In that city she met a friend who had been rehearsing for many weeks for the production of a musical comedy called "Yankee Doodle Dandy" at the Casino Theatre. Miss Webb begged her friend to introduce her to Mr. Lederer, who will be remembered as the producer of "The Belle of New York" in London. Arrayed in her best bib and tucker, she went to the theatre, and when there was a break in the rehearsal her friend took her up to Mr. Lederer and said, "This is Miss Webb, whom I told you about." Mr. Lederer turned round casually and looked at her. "I thought you said she was a pretty girl!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean by bringing a girl like that to me?"

If Miss Webb went hot and cold she did not show it. "Look here, Mr. Lederer," she said, "I didn't come here to have my looks sized up before all the company. I came here to get a part." Mr. Lederer looked at her again, then turned to her friend and said, "Do you think she is pretty?" "Yes," said her friend hotly, "I do." "Well, so do I," he replied calmly. He turned to Miss Webb and said, "Go and learn your music." In three days she was perfect in all the chorus work. On the opening night, so hard did she work and so individual was her method that all the critics singled her out from the rest of the chorus for special comment, and through her efforts it won innumerable encores. The result was that she was taken out of "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and put into the part in "The Belle of New York" which had been played by Miss Marie George.



A LADY OF STRONG UNDERSTANDING! A CURIOUS BALANCING FEAT BY THE BLESSINGS, AT THE APOLLO THEATRE, BERLIN.

Photograph by Zander and Labisch

Sensations We Particularly Dislike:

Materialised by G. Q. Studdy.



XI.—THE FEVERISH NIGHT DISCOMFORT.

FORE !



THE SON OF THE SOIL: Wot with Varmer Turmutt's new scarecrow wot 'e made isselt, and these there flyin' postmen, I reckons we be livin' in a age o' wonders !

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.



THE SCOUT (ordered to deliver a despatch with great expediency and faced in his onward path by various troubles): I wish I had an airship ! Wouldn't I soon get there then !

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.



THE FAMILY FRIEND: My dear, I daresay you find comfort in the thought that you made your husband happy while he lived.

THE WIDOW (not realising the double meaning of her words): Yes indeed, poor Jack was in heaven until he died.

DRAWN BY HEBBLETHWAITE.



THE LADY GUARDIAN (canvassing): What a little darling ! What are you going to call him ?

THE VOTER: We thought ter call 'im Halbert, Mum.

THE LADY GUARDIAN: Are you really ? My 'usband's awfully keen on names beginning with an H. That's why we named ours 'Erbert.

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

NATIVE WIT!



THE CUSTOMER: Are you certain your oysters are quite fresh?

THE FISHMONGER: Quite, Marm. The shop ain't been open more'n three weeks.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.



THE EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY'S STORY.*

THERE is that in the nature of Princess Louisa of Tuscany (ex-Crown Princess of Saxony) which revolts against excess of etiquette, the tyranny of Court observances, the fetters which are scarce half concealed by the robes of royalty. Hence, without doubt, those disagreements and sad adventures which compel her to write of herself as one who has seen the splendour and the shadows, touched the heights of joy and walked in sorrow's depths. Even as a child she was a rebel in the matter. "I think some of the Habsburgs, myself included," she says, "have suffered martyrdom through the tortures of this restricted and artificial upbringing. . . . 'What will the people say? What will the people think?' That was the parrot cry that we heard from morning to night, till at last we learned to look on the people as a sort of fetish, to be placated at any cost; and if ever one said, 'Bother the people!' one was told of the fate which overtook unconventional royalties who dared to trifle with the populace, and my own beautiful ancestress, Marie Antoinette, was always held up as an example to me. . . . my inner self was always struggling for mastery over outward forms and ceremonies, and my father was the only person in whom I was able to confide; but even he, with all his large ideas, was a little *borné* by tradition. I remember when I asked him if I might learn the violin, he replied, 'No, it is not decent for a princess to play the violin.'"

Betrothal presented its formalities and difficulties also. "Luckily for most princesses," says Princess Louisa, "the question of their looks is not generally of vital importance. Religion and essential health for future maternity are the chief factors in a proposed match. Inclination, affinity, and love are, of course, desirable adjuncts; but they are, I am afraid, very often absent from royal marriages. I do not wish to imply that a princess is forced to accept the first suitor who presents himself. She can choose her future husband within certain limits, but as most princes and kings are very much alike, choice is not a difficult matter, after all." In point of fact, she rejected two wooers before Prince Frederick-August claimed her hand and all happiness seemed hers. The Emperor Francis-Joseph was pleased, and added to his customary gift of 100,000 florins to each archduchess who marries with his consent a beautiful bandeau of precious stones. Then began formalities. "On November 20 I was obliged to read my 'Renunciation.' This curious ceremony has to be complied with by every Austrian archduchess before her marriage, and is a renunciation of her rights of succession under the Salic law to the throne of Austria. It also included the renunciation of legacies left by the members of the Imperial House—a wise plan, designed to keep the family money together." At the wedding the Court conquered even her. "There were assembled all the members of the Tuscan and the Saxon families, and the Emperor sat on a throne on the left side. . . . The Bishop said Mass, and just before I uttered the fateful 'I will,' I turned to the Emperor and made a deep curtsy, implying, 'Of course, with your permission.' I did the same to papa, and then said 'I will' so loudly that everyone was quite startled."

Alas! It was not long before she could feel that she was "like the cuckoo in the sparrow's nest, or the one artistic or original

member of a worthy middle-class family in the midst of his relations." "I forgot," says the Princess, "that 'originality and imagination are the unforgivable sins,' and looking at it from this point of view, I can see that I must have proved a most disturbing element, for I had not fulfilled their expectations of being a princess who was merely content to be a princess and not a woman." Time did not bring healing in his wings—"I have always wondered why a Habsburg princess was selected as a wife for Frederick-August, especially one of my branch. The mixture of French, Italian, and Habsburg blood in my veins should have made any stolid family think seriously before they asked the possessor to marry one of its members, for, as my father-in-law said, with

perfect truth, the Habsburg-Bourbon temperament is peculiar. All my ancestors had bequeathed to me something of their various individualities. I inherited from the Bourbons my love of the beautiful, my delight in all that appealed to the finer senses, and their supreme disregard for the opinions of those they disliked or despised. The imperious will of the 'Sun King' became in me a compelling force urging me to make myself and my actions felt. . . . From the Habsburgs I had as a legacy that absolute independence of thought and deed which has always been so strange in members of an Imperial House hidebound by etiquette and tradition. . . . I think I have always possessed some of the strong masculine will of Maria-Theresa, and Marie-Antoinette certainly bequeathed me her courage in trouble."

Lack of sympathy between herself and her husband's family grew to such magnitude that there came a day on which, so runs her story, the King, her father-in-law, said, "It has become annoying and wearisome for me to possess you as a daughter-in-law, Louisa. The views you entertain, and the contempt you display for the traditions of our Court convince me that you are not in the way of fulfilling my ideal of what a Queen of Saxony should be." Then it was suggested to her mind, she says, that she was to be "removed" to the Asylum of Sonnenstein. Fear came upon her, and she fled from Dresden to her father's palace at Salzburg. The Grand Duke refused to credit her belief, and advised her to return. Instead, she fled again—to Zurich. There, still obsessed by dread of a madhouse, she took "a desperate resolve, and one fraught with disastrous consequences. I decided

that the only way out of the *impasse* in which I found myself was to take some action which would effectually prevent my returning to Dresden, even as the victim of my triumphant enemies. What could I do? . . . Suddenly the solution flashed through my mind; I seemed to hear the words, 'Compromise yourself.' So it was done; and before long a divorce was pronounced. Yet Dresden was to see "Our Louisa" again. She went there in December of 1904, determined to see husband and children. She was arrested outside the Taschenberg Palace, and her *coup de tête* ended in her hurried departure for Leipzig, Frankfurt, and San Domenico. Later she married again. "I tried to pick up the threads of my life, and present a brave face to the world; but my enemies actively continued their persecution. I desired to be protected as a wife, so that the tongues of slander might be silenced; and that is one of the reasons why I married Signor Toselli."

"My Own Story" is essentially a book to read: a very human document, of which each line is arresting.



AUTHOR OF "MY OWN STORY": PRINCESS LOUISA OF TUSCANY
(EX-CROWN PRINCESS OF SAXONY).

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

*"My Own Story." By Princess Louisa of Tuscany (ex-Crown Princess of Saxony). (Eveleigh Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)

SHOP ?



GLADYS: Is this a *true* story you're telling me, uncle — or are you just preaching?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



VII.—THE MYSTERY OF THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

I HAD not often seen Inspector Chance in a bad temper. But he was certainly a little "huffy" one afternoon when I met him near the Embankment entrance to Scotland Yard.

"What's the matter?" I said cheerily. "Have you been arresting a foreign ambassador in mistake for a previously deported alien?"

"No," replied the Inspector; "I am in charge of the Flash Note case."

"The swell gang who have been about passing lovely imitations of fivers at first-class restaurants?"

"Yes. Haven't you seen the idiotic letters in a Radical paper in which we are charged with describing the men to the witnesses we have asked to identify them? This question of unfair identification is one on which I feel very strongly."

"But such things have happened, you know. It is so easy for an over-zealous constable to give a witness a hint, and there are plenty of cases of mistaken identity."

"Of genuinely mistaken identity. Oh, I admit that. I have been in cases myself. I remember a case of mistaken identity which was quite a romance."

"Romance?" I interrupted. "My dear Chance, let me have the details. They might make an interesting chapter in those reminiscences of yours I am going to help you with some day."

A few minutes later Detective-Inspector Chance was relating for my benefit "The Mystery of the Fortune-Teller."

"In a German paper published in London there had appeared for some weeks a rather curious advertisement.

"In the corner of this advertisement was the ace of clubs, and the words that followed conveyed the impression to anyone reading the advertisement that at the address given a fortune-teller might be consulted.

"The advertiser called herself Frau Schmidt, and the address given was a street in the neighbourhood of Fitzroy Square, a neighbourhood largely inhabited by German-speaking people.

"About a month after these advertisements began to appear the landlord of the house in question was standing in the street opposite his door, when, on looking up, he saw his first-floor lodger, Carl Schmidt, looking out of the window in his shirt-sleeves and smoking a cigarette. The landlord greeted the young man—he was about five-and-twenty—and remarked that it was a fine evening.

"'Yes,' replied Mr. Schmidt. 'It is. But I am going to bed. Good-night.'

"He closed the window and pulled the heavy curtains across it. This was about ten o'clock in the evening.

"Carl Schmidt occupied the rooms on the first floor with his wife, a German woman somewhat older than himself. The landlord was quite satisfied with his tenants. The young man was very quiet and gentlemanly, and though he apparently did nothing for a living, Mrs. Schmidt was doing well through her advertisements, and there was no lack of money. She was always well dressed, she wore good jewellery, and the rent was paid punctually every week.

"The landlord saw Carl Schmidt at the window of his room at ten o'clock that night—it was Thursday—and that was the last he ever saw of him. The next morning the first-floor lodgers did not show themselves. The room was locked and they had apparently gone out early. They had said nothing, and the landlord was a little surprised when evening came and they had not returned.

"By the last delivery he received a postcard. It was in German and written by Carl Schmidt. 'Dear Sir,—We left so early

this morning that we did not wish to disturb you. If callers come tell them we shall be back to-morrow night. Keep our letters. Best greetings from Carl Schmidt and wife.'

"But Saturday and Sunday passed, and the first-floor lodgers did not return. On Monday morning the landlady, who was beginning to wonder at the continued absence of the Schmidts, looked through the key-hole of the front room, which was a bed-room, and thought she saw someone lying on the bed.

"She called out 'Is that you, Mrs. Schmidt?' and receiving no answer, became alarmed and called her husband. The idea that something was wrong was now in both their minds, and calling a young German who lodged in the house, they proceeded to break the door open.

"On a chair in the corner of the room lay the dress in which the landlord had last seen Mrs. Schmidt when she paid her rent on the Wednesday evening, and on the bed, covered with an eider-down quilt, with a pillow placed across the face, lay the fortune-teller, dead.

"As soon as the landlord had communicated his tragic discovery to the police several officers were selected to take charge of the case, and I had the good fortune to be one of them—I say good fortune, because the affair was one of the most interesting I have ever been engaged in.

"As soon as we had taken possession of the room we made a careful search and found nothing, no weapon, and no trace of a struggle, and the doctor, after examining the body carefully, was unable to arrive at any theory with regard to the cause of death.

"But that a crime had been committed there was not the slightest doubt. The woman's money and jewellery—she was known to have two good marquise rings and a valuable brooch—had disappeared; and there was no trace of the gold she was known to have had in her possession—some twenty or thirty pounds—on the last occasion she had been seen alive.

"And her husband had disappeared. There was no doubt that Carl Schmidt had left the house early on the Friday morning before anybody was about. When he posted the card at Victoria Station he was probably *en route* for the Continent.

"The motive of the crime was robbery. But why, we said to ourselves, should a husband who was living comfortably on the earnings of his wife murder her?

"There was nothing to suggest that the woman had been killed in a quarrel or in a moment of fierce anger. The crime must have been committed in a cool and calculated manner; the possibility suggested itself that the woman had been suffocated in her sleep.

"'Why,' I said to myself, 'should Carl Schmidt have murdered in a cool and calculated way the goose that laid the golden eggs for him?'

"For a time this feature of the case was a complete mystery to us. But one day, while following up the various advertisements that the woman had inserted, we came across a London morning paper in which there was an advertisement dated from the fortune-teller's address. It had appeared for the first time only the day before she met with her mysterious fate.

"'A German lady, widow, wants place as housekeeper. Town or country. Well domesticated, etc. Address Mrs. S.,' and then followed the address of Frau Schmidt.

"The moment I had read that advertisement I saw a gleam of daylight. Frau Schmidt had determined to leave her husband, who was evidently a good-for-nothing, and would not work. She was going to enter respectable service and give up the mode of life to which she had probably been forced by her undesirable husband.

"'The thing seems fairly clear now,' I said to my colleagues as we discussed the advertisement. 'Carl Schmidt knew his wife was

[Continued overleaf.]

The Poetic Dog! No. VII.—The Chow.

FROM THE PAINTING BY MAUD EARL.



FOR WAYS THAT ARE DARK,
AND FOR TRICKS THAT ARE VAIN,
THE HEATHEN CHINEE IS PECULIAR.—BRET HARTE.

going to leave home, and that he would have to support himself, so he murdered her to possess himself of her jewellery and money, and left the house, and sent the postcard to the landlord which would prevent him breaking open the door for a day or two and thus give the fugitive a good start ahead of justice.'

"We had, of course, got into communication with the Continental authorities, and especially with the Berlin police, but again we were in a difficulty. We were not in a position yet to treat the affair as one of murder, or to ask the Continental police to arrest the man on that charge.

"The senior surgeon of one of the great London hospitals, a witness called at the inquest by the Crown, swore that he did not find any trace of any injury to the body, nor had the pillow been used in such a manner as to cause suffocation, and there were no marks of pressure sufficient to cause asphyxia.

"There was no proof of a murder. There was only a dead woman. There was proof of robbery, because the woman's jewellery and money had been taken away; but if the woman was dead before the jewellery and money were taken, and the person who took them was her husband, was that robbery?

"And then once more chance stepped in to help me. How much it was going to help me I did not appreciate at first. I had been in the neighbourhood of Victoria Station and had bought an afternoon paper, which had a portrait of the missing man, Carl Schmidt, in it.

"It had been a muddy day, and I stopped to have my boots cleaned. When the boot boy had finished, and I was feeling in my pocket for some coppers, he said to me, 'Done with your paper, guv'nor?'

"I had seen all that I wanted to see and I threw the paper down on to the boy's box. He took it up and looked at the portrait which was facing him. 'Hello,' he said, 'is this the chap they want? I've seen him. I will swear it. I saw him going along towards Victoria Station one evening, seven or eight days ago. He had got a bag with him, and I went after him and offered to carry it for him. There was a woman with him, and they were talking some foreign language together. It sounded like German. He would not let me carry his bag, but I'll swear that was the man.'

"And there was a woman with him? Are you sure?' I asked.

"Quite sure,' said the boy. 'They were walking together all the way. I followed them to try and get the job.'

"Do you remember what sort of woman?'

"I couldn't tell you. I didn't see much of her face, but I should say she was a youngish woman. I noticed that she was wearing a dark-red dress.'

"Carl Schmidt had murdered his wife and gone off with another woman,' I said to myself. 'Here's the motive.'

"I took the boy's address and reported the information. That afternoon we telegraphed to the Continental police to say that the man about whom we wanted information would be most likely accompanied by a woman.

"When the officers engaged in the case met in consultation after obtaining all the evidence they could, I put the case bluntly: 'The only thing we know is this: Frau Schmidt has met with her death in some mysterious way, and her husband has gone off with her property and another woman.'

"You don't think he murdered her, then?' said one of my colleagues.

"Oh, yes, I do,' I replied. 'I am certain that the woman was murdered by her husband, and nothing will make me alter my opinion.'

"The words were hardly out of my mouth before an officer from the Yard came into the room in which we were holding our consultation. He brought us a piece of information which, as the saying goes, absolutely took my breath away.

"A telegram had been received from the German police. Carl Schmidt had been arrested in Berlin in company with a woman. And the companion of Carl Schmidt in his flight was a woman named Anna Henschell, who in London had followed the profession of a fortune-teller and the occupation of a masseuse, and had there passed as the wife of Carl Schmidt.

"The murdered woman was alive and in Berlin, while her dead body was in London waiting the result of an adjourned coroner's inquest.

* * * * *

"My first impression was that the Berlin police had made a blunder. I went at once to the landlord of the house. 'You identified the body as that of your lodger, Frau Schmidt,' I said.

"Yes.'

"Did you come to that conclusion because she was lying in Frau Schmidt's bed?'

"Oh, no. There were other things. Frau Schmidt had a set of false teeth, so had the woman. It was Frau Schmidt's dress that was lying on the chair. I had seen her in it. The boots by the bed were hers. I recognised them. I had recommended her to the shop where she bought them.'

"And you still believe that the woman into the circumstances of whose death we are inquiring is Frau Schmidt?'

"Well, there is only one thing which has rather shaken me. I heard for the first time to-day that the height of the dead woman was five feet eight. Now, my wife is five feet four, and Frau Schmidt was a little shorter than my wife.'

"That settles it,' I said. 'The woman cannot be Frau Schmidt; but who the dickens is she, and how did she get where you found her?'

"I was talking to the landlord in the room in which everything had happened, and suddenly it came to my mind that a number of people must have been in the habit of coming to see Frau Schmidt in answer to her advertisements. 'How many people came to see Frau Schmidt every day?' I asked.

"I cannot tell you. I did not see them all myself, but my wife tells me sometimes there would be ten or a dozen, sometimes less. Sometimes few—sometimes many.'

"Men and women?'

"Principally women, but one or two men. Men had been, I know, because I met a German waiter only yesterday who told me that he had had his fortune told by Frau Schmidt, and she had said to him that his line of life was broken, and that his hand was very like hers in one thing—it foretold a sudden and violent death.'

"Well, Frau Schmidt evidently has not come to that yet,' I said to the landlord. 'But I am inclined to believe now that one of her clients has. The unknown woman who is evidently not Frau Schmidt probably came here to have her fortune told. What happened then is what we must find out.'

"The next morning when I went to Scotland Yard further information had come to hand from the Berlin police. Both the prisoners strenuously denied that they had been guilty of any crime. They declared that a young woman had come to have her fortune told, that she had been suddenly taken ill and faint, and had been allowed to lie down on the bed. She had become worse and had been seized with convulsions, and while Carl Schmidt was thinking of going for a doctor she had fallen back dead.

"The Berlin police had searched the prisoners and found in the woman's possession all the jewellery of which we had sent them a description. They had also found that she was wearing clothes which she confessed did not belong to her. She had gone away in the dead woman's dress and some of her underlinen. The linen was marked 'M.R.', and there was a laundry-mark, a description of which the Berlin police forwarded to us.

"Directly we got that information we started out with the initials 'M. R.' and the laundry-mark to help us to fix the identity of the victim, and it was my sad task the next afternoon to call on a young woman in service in the West End, and to ask her when she saw her sister last, and her replies left no doubt that the identity of the dead woman found on the fortune-teller's bed had been established at last. The girl, who was terribly distressed when she realised what my visit meant, told me that the last time she saw her sister she had expressed her intention of paying a visit to the fortune-teller. The girls were only in the habit of meeting once a fortnight, and so my informant had not been worried by hearing nothing of her sister.

"She had read in the papers the story of the discovery in the neighbourhood of Fitzroy Square; but as it was distinctly stated that the body was that of the fortune-teller herself, she had not for a moment connected the tragedy with her sister.

"She knew that her sister had a dark-red dress.

"The identity of the victim was speedily established beyond all possible doubt, and I had been investigating the murder of Frau Schmidt, who was very much alive all the time. That was the queerest case of mistaken identity with which I had ever been previously associated.

"And chance?'

"Came into the case when I stopped to have my boots blacked by a boy who had actually seen the missing man and had seen him in company with a woman. It was only then that we were able to telegraph to the Berlin police to watch for a man accompanied by a woman in a dark-red dress.

"It was seeing him with a woman in a dark-red dress that first attracted their attention to him and led to his arrest."

"And Carl Schmidt and his wife were brought back?'

"No, there was no proof—after the medical evidence—that they had brought about the woman's death. In these circumstances it was hardly worth while for us to go through the expensive process of applying for an extradition order."

"But, after all," I urged, "there were certainly some suspicious circumstances in the case."

"Yes. Frau Schmidt had undoubtedly had a variegated career; but whatever suspicions we might have had with regard to this case, we had no proof, and, without proof, it would have been all expense and no result. The absence of absolutely convincing evidence is the reason that many of the 'mysteries' the Press is so fond of referring to remain unsolved.

"But it is not often that, as in 'The Mystery of the Fortune-Teller,' the solution lies in the fact that the woman supposed to be murdered is alive and well, and walking about with the dead woman's clothes on."

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Useful Books Unwritten.

It is often said of mankind in general that if any intelligent and capable unit of it were to set down truthfully, accurately, and in the fullest detail the record of all actions, thoughts, impressions, and all the rest of the full happenings of his life, the result would inevitably be a work of amazing interest and priceless value. It would be a great human document. Such books are not written. Some who might write them will not do so because they think that what has happened in their lives has been too dull and trivial, too entirely commonplace, forgetful of the fact that the absolutely full story of any life must be fascinating; others who attempt to write them either keep back half and the most important part of the truth, deliberately suppress another part because they mistakenly regard it as of no importance, and fail to include some other consequential chapters, having the most intimate bearing on the development of the story, because they have forgotten what



CHAMPIONSHIP FORM: MR. H. H. HILTON DRIVING.

should be the contents. Please be not impatient with this long preamble upon Life and the narratives of it that are denied to us, because it has everything, and not the nothing that you suspected, to do with our game of golf, which in its essence is very much like the game of life. The full flood of emotion and trial is set loose, merit sometimes gains and sometimes fails to gain its reward, chance has its fling, hope is there always until the end. The teeing-grounds, the bunkers, and the putting-greens might be worked into a parable for application to the affairs of life in general. And so I have always said that the very best, most interesting, and even most instructive books on golf have never been written. Such books would not contain the dogmatic teaching of champions, nor the anecdotes of their championships, but the sorrows and the joys of the great army of fozzlers to which most players belong, men who are as keen in their enjoyment and love of the game as any, who are as worthy golfers as the others. Most particularly these unwritten books would contain the history of the writers' experimentation—how they found things out, their many curious ideas, how some of them failed and others succeeded.

Millions of Dodges. The ordinary books of golf contain, say—to be generous in the estimate—a description of a thousand dodges. But the fozzlers among them have invented millions of dodges; a large proportion have been successful, if only for a time, and all of them have been interesting and instructive. But these have not been recorded for the benefit of other fozzlers, though they might indeed help the players of that class better than the dodges of the great champions. Most ordinary golfers are more or less self-made, and no book could possibly be more interesting or more instructive than the plain, unvarnished, but most fully detailed account of the difficulties of such a player: how he surmounted some of them and is still baffled by others; on what lines he has experimented; all about his clubs—everything. One afternoon last winter, when I was idling under a Southern sun, I

turned to the perusal of a golf-book that had been sent to me from America. It was called "Golf for Beginners and Others," and it was written by a Mr. Marshall Whitlatch, an American player, a busy business man, who began the game in middle age, and, by self-education, became a very good player. He told us how, like others, he first scorned the game that he knew nothing of, then was tempted to try just one drive, was at once fascinated, became the keenest of the keen, and from that point he went on to the full story in detail of how he invented theory after theory and tried them all; how some succeeded and others failed; how some of the latter were modified, and then answered; how he experimented in every direction, treating convention with contempt, and evolving the most wonderful ideas. He was as candid as he could be; he told us all about his going into the kitchen at nights, after getting home from the City, and practising and experimenting there with his swings of divers kinds.

The Late Beginner.

This was one of the most interesting books I have ever read, and I lingered on until long after the sun had gone away towards Marseilles and no more light was left. I believe that that book, with all its violent heresies, would do the average struggling golfer more good than many classics, because it would give him courage and it would make him think and act and experiment.

Now, the other day I came across a new book published in London which is to some extent on the same lines, but is a smaller and simpler thing than the American's, the chief fault that I have to find with it being that the author has not made it big enough and has not told us sufficient about his experiments—how he found things out, and why he abandoned ideas that, like all other golfers, he must once have been very much attached to. He gives us chiefly final results and conclusions, and he betrays a weakness for the dogmatic and the conventional. But, despite all this, which is largely excusable, the book, "Golf for the Late Beginner," by Mr. Henry Hughes, who subscribes himself as "one of them," is quite excellent in its way, and it emphasises certain points of instruction which are all-important and which some of the other books do not emphasise or even mention. Mr. Hughes knows the peculiar liabilities to error and failure that the writers of the other books never experienced, and he warns his readers about them all. I am told by one of his friends



THE BRITISH AMATEUR CHAMPION, WHO HAS DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF IN THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES: MR. H. H. HILTON.

Mr. H. H. Hilton has been showing fine form in America, both in practice games and in the tournament for the Amateur Championship of the United States, which began on Monday of last week on the Apawamis Club course, at Rye, N.Y. On the third day he beat Mr. R. C. Wason, Secretary of the U.S. Golf Association, by 11 and 10, doing the 18 holes in 73—a record for the course in tournament play. On Thursday he beat Mr. Jerome Travers, twice United States champion, by 3 and 2. Mr. Hilton found American spectators rather talkative, and was obliged to ask them to refrain from speaking to him while playing, and so distracting his attention from the game.

Photographs by Sport and General.

that this little work is the outcome of his constantly jotting down during the period of his practice notes upon his experiments and discoveries for no other purpose than his own remembrance. He writes specially for the late beginner, and most new players in these days are late beginners. He was one himself; he is now down to scratch, and he has got there quickly, and so might many others if they were thorough enough. It is a shilling book.



CHAMPIONSHIP FORM: MR. H. H. HILTON DRIVING.

FRIVOLITIES

OF PHRYNETTE



THE SPORT OF THE POOR IN FRANCE.

BY MARTHE TROLY - CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

THE whole male population of our countryside has suddenly become remarkable by its bellicose aspect. Every man you meet has shouldered his gun, he walks alertly, nosing, as he passes, every bush and thicket. This is no preparation for any would-be German invaders, but a very real and urgent business—it is the opening of *la chasse*. We are far (though in the same land of Gascogne) from the renowned fox-hunting of Pau; as for stag-hunting, it is still rarer and more exclusive in France than in England; but shooting here is the sport of the poor, like golf in Scotland. Since the middle of last month almost every man takes his gun with him as he goes to his work—"in case" he should run against some game on the way. The game consists most often of some débutant skylark, a tiny titmouse, or some such small fry not worthy of the powder spent on it; but killing is sport, and so another tree in the wood is the poorer in life and song.

Every peasant, every small cultivator, every artisan who lives in the country keeps a gun and a dog as a matter of course. For the dog, he has to pay a license of some six francs a year, but makes up for this initial expense by not feeding Médor. Explain to me if you can why French people of the people, who are not at all fond of animals, always keep (that's a way of speaking) hungry horde of mongrel dogs on their heels. I can only imagine that it is to have something to kick at. It's certainly not for the sake of companionship, for I never knew yet of any countryman of mine among the uneducated class who made a friend of his dog. They cannot see the aura of the dog, made of love and humility—not even the blind can see it. For him his dog is his second and best stick—which does not mean that the first stick is spared to Médor. The French dog and the French horse seem to have discovered the sad secret of, I won't say living, but surviving, on worse than nothing—on ill-treatment! The dogs around us certainly feed on nothing but flies and the neighbours' hens, for which their masters' boots make them pay a heavy price.

In almost every part of the country shooting is free; but even if it were not, such a small detail would not deprive honest poachers of their sport. I was amused (I do not know whether to call it ingenuity or ingenuousness) at a French daily paper which, giving the lists of shootings all over France, mentions that a certain landlord reserves his coverts, adding naïvely, "but the shootings, though reserved, are insufficiently guarded." We are a nation of poachers; the preserves of our neighbour, from his wife to his pheasants, should be mightily well guarded!

Women like the shooting-season because it gives them the opportunity of being admired under a new aspect. The lace and embroidery

frocks of last month, elongating, poetising their silhouettes, are replaced by workmanlike tailor-mades reaching not much below the knee—"for two very good reasons."

We are very far from the Norfolk jackets and skirts, ugly, orthodox, and immutable, which a Venus alone can cause to be forgiven or forgotten. The shooting-costumes of the neighbouring *châtelaines* are altered versions of what was worn during the summer, and advanced essays of what may be worn during the winter, with this difference over the agonising fashions—that they actually allow the sportswomen to walk, and even to jump over ditches. I like woman in semi-masculine dress. It lends her a cultivated boyishness full of perverse grace. Ruddy of chignon and of feet, in her ruddy frame of autumnal leaves, she assumes a false air of stage bandit under a large soft hat, placed with a careful "anyhow." She has that charm made of piquancy and agility of the cow-girl, if the cinematograph and Wild West shows are not too picturesque to be true. Ah, *mais*—shooting is a fine sport for women; it is becoming, and perfectly respectful of animal life.

On the Third of November falls St. Hubert's Day—St. Hubert, as you know, is the great patron saint of all hunters; and even in these unpicturesque days of ours,

when there is such a slump in saints, yet the great hunter manages to retain some of his prestige at the muzzle of the gun. On his fête day a Mass is given in most hunting districts, attended by all the Nimrods and Dianas of the neighbourhood. The office is celebrated with great pomp and no less great noise, the village *orphéon* lending it its willing cacophony, augmented by the hunting horns of virtuosi and amateurs alike. Blessed bread, and more exactly blessed cake, are handed round by the most imposing of the redcoats, and after Mass hunters, huntresses, villagers, and onlookers gather on the place in front of the church. There M. le Curé calls the goodwill of St. Hubert for a fruitful chase and blesses the oldest and youngest of the hounds. There is a call of the horn, everyone mounts his horse, those sportsmen who came on Shanks' pony shoulder their guns; another shout from the *cor de chasse* and off they all go through crooked lanes and behind yellow hedges, for all the world as if the spook of St. Hubert himself were after them! Rather a jolly custom, isn't it, for this land of spurned traditions?

We are invited, Austen and I, to a St. Hubert Mass, a St. Hubert hunt through the sweet-scented country of the Silver Coast, and to a St. Hubert banquet. Somebody or other said that in France everything ends in song; it ends no less invariably in banquets, and not in France only!

But on the Third of November Austen and I will be back to dear old England. *Dieu merci!*



THE CHILDREN OF THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN (PRINCESS MARGARET VICTORIA OF ENGLAND); PRINCES GUSTAF ADOLF AND SIGVARD AND PRINCESS INGRID.

The Crown Princess, it will be recalled, is a daughter of the Duke of Connaught. Her marriage took place in June of 1905. Prince Gustaf Adolf was born in April 1906; Prince Sigvard in June 1907; and Princess Ingrid in March 1910.—[Photograph by Speaight.]



PRODUCER OF "SUMURÛN" AND TO PRODUCE THE GREAT CHRISTMAS SPECTACLE AT OLYMPIA:

PROFESSOR MAX REINHARDT, WITH HIS CHILD.

Professor Reinhardt, whose production of "Sumurûn" has aroused so much enthusiasm, is to produce a wordless dramatic spectacle for Christmas at Olympia. The music for this is by Humperdinck. "Sumurûn" is to be produced at its full length at the Savoy on Oct. 5.—[Photograph by E. Rieber.]

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

The Progress of Aviation.

Nothing better conveys an idea of the extraordinarily rapid progress of aviation than a glance or two at the carefully compiled tables of records lately published by *L'Auto* of Paris. Advances in speed, in height, in duration, and in distance have been made by leaps and bounds, advances which, themselves astonishing enough, make one wonder what a similar term of years may bring forth. No form of locomotion—or should I say transport?—has forged ahead with such lightning-like rapidity. Until 1830, or later, man could travel no faster than the pace of a crack team on a good road. To arrive at that plane of perfection had taken him since his beginnings; twenty to thirty years were occupied in bringing the locomotive to something like its apogee; the bicycle was quite twenty years attaining its full development, while the motor-car practically arrived in some ten years. Consider these periods—gradually lessening, of course—with the time lapsed since Santos-Dumont first flew on Nov. 12, 1906, and succeeded in covering 720 feet without coming to earth.



THE YOUNGEST AIRMAN IN THE WORLD: MASTER LEE ROBINSON, WHO IS FOURTEEN, "TUNING UP" HIS MONOPLANE AT BROOKLANDS.

Master Robinson has been making practice flights daily at Brooklands. He is fourteen and a son of Dr. Mansfield Robinson, Town Clerk of Shoreditch. The next youngest airman is Naval Cadet Wheeler, who is sixteen.

Photograph by L.N.A.

a flight of 1000 metres, or 1091 yards. That was in January of 1908; but, with many intervening increases, the last day of that year saw Wilbur Wright completing 75½ miles in the air. On Nov. 3, 1909, Henry Farman had scored 145½ miles, and on Dec. 30, 1910, Tabuteau, flying for the French Michelin prize, had raised the record to 363 miles. Now 1911, or at least that portion of it in which the Michelin prize may be competed for in this country and on the Continent, has still a month to run, with the French record standing to the credit of Fourny at 453 miles, and the English best at 125 miles by Cody on the 11th inst. The record heights have gone up in an equally remarkable manner, opening with Latham's soar of 508 feet at the famous Rheims meeting in August of 1909, to the dizzy altitude of 13,918 feet, achieved by Garros at Paramé on the 4th of the present month.

Speed. Turning to the matter of speed, we find this to have increased by over 300 per cent. in less than five years. In his initial flight in 1906, already referred to, Santos-Dumont attained a speed of 25½ miles per hour, which was more than doubled by Morane again at the celebrated Rheims meeting in 1910, when 100 kilometres per hour was exceeded for the first time, the actual speed being 106½, or the railway speed of 66 miles per hour. It is only in the latter part of the present year that much improvement has been made on Morane's performance. The last inscription on the record-book is Nieuport's 133 k. 136 m. at Chalons, in June last, equal to 82½ miles per hour. Of course, men have flown across country before a gale of wind at much higher speeds than this, but this rate of progression was on a course out and home with and against the wind, and is consequently the speed of which the machine itself is capable.

Motor - Car Insurance.

Having regard to the undeniable fact that, as things are to-day, feeling generally is always "agin" the motorist in all cases of accident and injury to third parties, it is nothing short of madness for anyone to drive or own a motor-car unless he or she is properly and completely covered by insurance. But with the multiplicity of policies now offered to the motorist, selection becomes increasingly difficult, and expert advice upon the terms of the policy is advisable. In any case a motorist about to take up a policy should make sure that it affords unlimited cover and includes all law costs in the matter of third-party risk; also a friend driving the car should be covered. Should the car be destroyed or stolen, then the insured and not the estimated market value of the car at the time should be recoverable. You want a new car, remember. Damage to tyres without necessarily damage to car should be provided for, and the



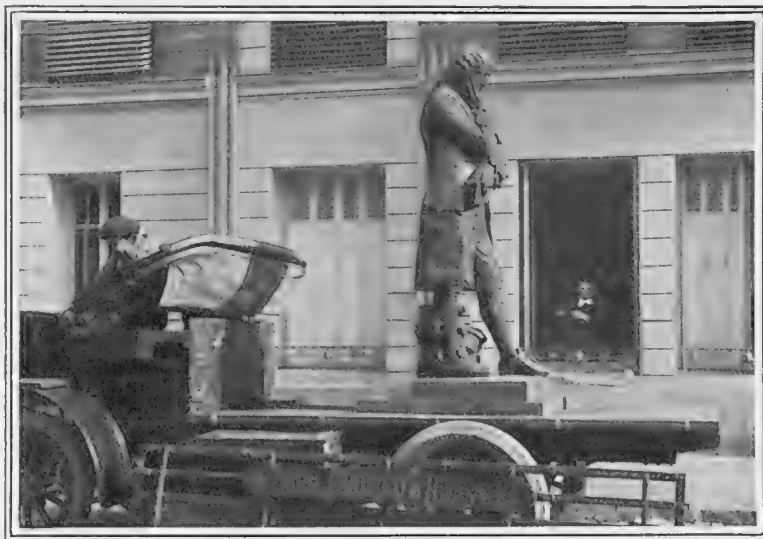
SAVING THE TROOPS MUCH ARDUOUS SPADE-WORK: A MOTOR-PLOUGH, CONSTRUCTED BY A BRITISH FIRM, MAKING TRENCHES FOR GERMAN INFANTRY AT THE GERMAN ARMY MANŒUVRES.

Photograph by C.N.

owner should be able to put repairs up to a certain amount in hand without obtaining and submitting an estimate. Then if the car is taken out and driven without authority and damaged, compensation should be payable, also for damage in an attempt to steal. An excellent comparative chart of fifteen of the leading offices is issued by Messrs. Harrington and Son, Carlton House, Regent Street, W.

Something on the Other Side. In my last week's note I referred to the temperate, but none the less insistent, warning or warnings issued lately to motorists by Sir Edward Henry, the Chief Commissioner of Police for London.

While recognising the courteous manner in which motorists have been addressed, a contemporary lays considerable emphasis on the fact that, although much of the sounding is unnecessary, nevertheless the motorist is not naughty all the time. Much of the hooting he is compelled to indulge in is provoked by the selfish manner in which the slow-moving traffic uses the highway by clinging persistently to the crown of the road, and refusing



AN AUTOMOBILE AS A CARRIAGE FOR SCULPTURE: TRANSPORTING A STATUE FROM PARIS TO NAMUR BY MEANS OF A SPECIAL MOTOR LORRY.

Photograph by Mewisse.

to give passage until blown at persistently, often not giving way then: Will the Commissioner issue a notice on this point? And why happens it that the promised proceedings have not been taken with regard to the absolute disregard of the left-side notices so liberally posted between Hyde Park Corner and Hammersmith? Are the police still warning, and has nobody yet been warned twice?



By CAPTAIN COE.

The Autumn Campaign.

Doncaster marks the beginning of what might be termed the autumn campaign, which involves three months of vigorous, and in some instances towards the end of the season, strenuous racing. This week Yarmouth, Ayr, Manchester, Hurst Park, and Folkestone claim attention, all, with the exception of Manchester, being unimportant. Manchester is raised out of the ordinary by the Prince Edward Handicap, in which the executive are trying an experiment this year—and one that I think will prove a success, in spite of the fear that it may prejudice the Cesarewitch. I refer to the increase in the distance of the race to two miles. In all long-distance races one looks for prominent candidates from Manton, and here Taylor is represented by Admiral Togo III., King Midas, Mirador, and Papavero. This quartet spread themselves through the handicap, the Admiral being at the top with 9 st., and Papavero being near the bottom with 7 st. 2 lb. It was from somewhere among the 7-st. division that Elizabetha began her upward career in long-distance handicaps, and it would not surprise me were Papavero to emulate her example. My selection for the race will be found under "Monday Tips." Next week the first of the three autumn meetings at Newmarket is held. The most important race next week is the Jockey Club Stakes, a 10,000 sovs. affair that it seems extremely probable will be annexed by one of the horses owned by Lord Derby. Between the first and second of the Newmarket October meetings the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton is to be decided.

Threes and Twos. Not until after Doncaster can one speculate with much foundation on which are the best horses in their first and second seasons. This year, the task, as regards two-year-olds, is more in the misty region than usual, because neither Belleisle, Adula filly, Lomond, Sweeper II., Lom, nor Javelin competed against White Star, Melody, and Jingling Geordie on the Town Moor. I think we may take it that the last-named is inferior to all the others mentioned. As regards the first-named, she is not in either of the two big races for two-year-olds at Newmarket—namely, the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates; but an opportunity is afforded for her to meet Lom, White Star, and Javelin in the Clearwell Stakes. It is said that the next race in which White Star will run will be the Middle Park Plate, in which are also entered Sweeper II., Lomond, and Lom. Sweeper II. and White Star are also in the Dewhurst Plate. A general impression prevails that Belleisle is the best two-year-old in training; but whether she is the superior of Sweeper II., White Star, and Lomond, not to mention Javelin, is somewhat doubtful. Of the horses in their second season, I suppose there is no reason for doubting that Sunstar was the best; but it would have been no certainty for him to beat Prince Palatine on St. Leger Day. Morton

is responsible for the statement that Lycaon is a stone worse than Sunstar; Lycaon was certainly a stone worse than Prince Palatine, and King William more than a stone. I was greatly disappointed with Lord Derby's horse, which I considered a good thing. Next year I shall not be surprised if he turns out a top-sawyer.

Doubles.

Of the series of races referred to as the "Autumn Handicaps" the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire are unquestionably the most popular. There is more betting over them, both separately and in doubles, than over any other handicaps run under Jockey Club rules. A rare lot of double-event speculation goes on over the Lincoln Handicap and Grand National, but it is not so heavy as that over the autumn races. This craze of trying to find the winners of two big handicaps is, of course, attributable solely to the attractive nature of the odds betted. It sounds a lot when you hear a bookmaker say he will bet you 600 or 1000 to 1 against the double. Mathematically, it is more than that against success, but it is a never-failing bait, and many of the bookmakers make large sums out of this method of betting. There are some good stayers in the Cesarewitch, headed by Willonyx, who won the Chester Cup, Ascot Stakes, and Ascot Gold Cup. Those victories ensured the weight being lumped on, and Mr. Howard's horse has 9 st. 5 lb. to carry. He is probably as good as the White Knight, who ran second under 9 st. 12 lb., so that his case is not hopeless. I believe that those connected with him are not without hope that he and Sunbright will capture the two races. At the bottom end of the Cesarewitch Handicap is Wolfstoi,

who beat Persephone at Kempton, which reads pretty good form for a 6-st. horse. It is gratifying to learn that Horner's Beauty has accepted for the Cambridgeshire, and it is to be hoped that Sir W. Cooke will let him take his chance. There would be a tremendous scene were he to win. It is difficult to understand why Master Bill is still in these two races. He is only a very indifferent selling-plater.

MONDAY TIPS.

By CAPTAIN COE.

Great Yarmouth, today: Hastings Nursery, Melba g.; Great Yarmouth Plate, Marouette; Norfolk Handicap, St. Felicien. To-morrow: Durham Handicap, The Policeman; Gorleston Handicap, Glisten; Coronation Cup, Braxted. Ayr, Friday: Ayr Gold Cup, Battleaxe. Manchester, Friday: Egerton Handicap, Noorna; Cromwell Handicap, Fera-

morz; Lancaster Nursery, Green Cloth; Breeders' Plate, Hall Cross or Lomond. Saturday: Eglinton Nursery, Maydale; Prince Edward Handicap, Mirador or Graball; Wilton Handicap, Mauve Patch; Michaelmas Plate, Jingling Geordie or Homestead. Hurst Park, Friday: Park Nursery, Harem Skirt or Man of War; Sprint Handicap, Quercus; Durham Handicap, Sealed Orders; Autumn Plate, Royal Tender.



WINNER OF THE ST. LEGER IN A CANTER BY SIX LENGTHS: MR. T. PILKINGTON'S PRINCE PALATINE, F. O'NEILL UP. Prince Palatine is by Persimmon—Lady Lightfoot, and was bred by Colonel Hall Walker at the Tully Stud. He was bought, on behalf of Mr. Pilkington, as a yearling, for two thousand guineas. He started at 100 to 30 against.—[Photograph by C.N.]



WISE GUIDANCE: THE CLERK OF THE COURSE SHOWING COMPETITORS OVER THE COURSE BEFORE THE SOUTH DEVON AND DARTMOOR STEEPLECHASE, AT THE TOTNES AND BRIDGETOWN MEETING.

Photograph by Sport and General.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

"Awa' to Scotland!" There is something unique about the great Scottish expresses. From the moment you enter Euston, St. Pancras, or King's Cross you are in a sedate, orderly, and punctual world, in which there are no trippers, no suburban passengers, no children, babies, or bicycles, or, if such there be, they are not suffered to jostle you on the platforms. The travellers are clad in tweed and homespun, with caps and plaids, and they are accompanied by

guns and golf-clubs and have the serious air of Englishmen and Scots who are bent on a holiday devoted to sport. Pipes are smoked in the restaurant-car, and mysterious monosyllables, probably connected with grouse or golf, are exchanged between the masculine voyagers. The ladies, in their turn, look sporting in the true Anglo-Celtic fashion, and are secretly envied by the Frenchwomen aboard, many of whom are clad in plaids of fearful and wonderful pattern, and by the numerous American spinsters who are going to "do" Edinburgh and Abbotsford. Arrived at Berwick-on-Tweed, a singularly sporting Scotswoman incited several Boston maidens to drop pennies into the river as we thundered over the bridge, and this rite was duly accomplished, to the astonishment of the adjacent carriages. Let us hope it will bring those excellent and blameless women the luck which was presaged.

Manners of the Scottish Country House.

For several years now it has been considered frumpish and old-fashioned ever to feel tired, and in England this craze has resulted in a good deal of nervous prostration, necessitating expensive rest-cures in nursing homes. But whatever protracted fatigue we some-

times have to endure, socially, in the South pales before what is expected of you in Scotland. Do you arrive from town after a twelve or fifteen hours' journey dazed and shaken, grimy with smoke and dishevelled in appearance, it is ten to one you will find a dinner-party in full swing and your hostess, all creamy chiffon and spangles, awaiting you in the hall to lead you straight to the festive board. Even if you succeed in eluding her hospitality by going furtively to bed, before 9 a.m. a gong will summon you to porridge and cold grouse, to marmalade and oatmeal cakes, and all the high-spirited clatter of a breakfast-table of sportsmen clad for a day on the moors. If you elect to go with the shooters, you will enjoy the best air in these British Islands; but you will not have a day of ease, and on your return you will be expected to put in a few sets of tennis, or do some putting, archery, or croquet. After dinner there are apt to be Scottish reels and other fatiguing pastimes; and in more festive houses no one dreams of going to bed before midnight. It is a cheery life, which leaves little time for indulging in the megrims; but its effect on the vital forces and the nervous system is only to be gauged hereafter.

Autumn North of the Tweed.

The panting Briton, who has endured furnace heat all summer south of the Tweed and in the north of France, welcomes the hardy air of the Highlands in September, and rejoices when the rain drives in his face and soaks his tweed garments. At the end of this remarkable summer, one enters into the feelings of the jaded Anglo-Indian in the Plains, whose one longing is to see grey, scurrying clouds, to be quit of the eternal, brassy sunshine, the monotony of a cobalt sky. Moreover, it is green up here in the far North: there is green grass, and verdant trees, and the flowers have by no means the fatigued and listless appearance of their contemporaries in the southern counties. The other day, at Pitlochry, I saw the bravest show of begonias which I have encountered since last year. They made the hotel garden a strident blaze of colour. The Highlanders are right to cultivate flowers which have a triumphant, shouting note. These glens and mountains are distinguished, but a little sad. They have their private air of tragedy, their secrets of bloodshed and feuds, their atmosphere of silent brooding. The grey stone castles and mansions, the bare, whitewashed crofts, are all in keeping with the dignified landscape; but a plot of phlox or a bed of asters brings with it suddenly a kinship with humanity and with joy.



[Copyright.]

A FAIR YACHTSWOMAN.

This dainty yachting costume is in white serge trimmed with black-silk braid and silver buttons. The hat is of soft white felt with a feather mount.



[Copyright.]

THE "SOLENT" CONDUIT COAT.

At Messrs. Kenneth Durward's, Ulster House, Conduit Street.

(See "Woman-Out-of-Town" page.)

Nature, Art, and the Scots.

Nature worked with regal prodigality when she set about fashioning the Highlands. She stinted nothing, certainly not the supply of water; under the earth, on the earth, and in the clouds. The Highlands have a *cachet* of their own; they are like nothing else in Europe; and if you dropped, by night, from the skies in an aeroplane, you would

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH." CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 26.

PANICS AND THE FEAR OF THEM.

THE unhappiness of the Stock Exchange threatens to grow into a condition which some fear will be chronic. It is always the way when things are bad. We have no wish to minimise the gravity of the various causes which are making for unrest, and it must be frankly admitted that the Stock Exchange has kept its head remarkably well in a period chockful of anxiety and nervousness. But now there seems to be a settled gloom over the minds of most members, and this, we contend, is not only irrational but somewhat impolitic. Just as people will not sell when markets are buoyantly good, so they refuse to buy when prices are obviously depressed, even though their brokers may advise them to do so. The brokers, however, are starting at the length of their own shadows, and we think that the member of the Stock Exchange who neglects to point out the bargains which are obtainable at any time like the present is missing a good opportunity for making money through investment channels for his clients.

A FEW INVESTMENTS.

Lists of securities have recently been published here to show that the public can get 5 per cent. on its money with a reasonable degree of safety, and conditions are now favourable to the utilising of capital with this end in view. Glancing at a few markets at random, it may be pointed out that Eastern Extension Telegraph shares have dropped on to a 5 per cent. level. A whole string of Chilean bonds are available, which, after their recent falls, may be bought to yield as nearly as possible the round 5 per cent. Other foreign bonds which have come down can be seen by a reference to any list of these securities. In the Home Railway Market, whatever the prospect of nationalisation may be, it is perfectly certain that Midland Deferred is cheap at anything like 66, at which the yield will be 5½ per cent. on the money. Another undoubtedly cheap security is London, Brighton, and South Coast Deferred, where the return in respect of the current year will probably be as much as that on Midland. The Brighton Company's Preferred stock, paying 4¾ per cent. on the money, is another exceedingly fine investment. Go into another department, and there are the 5 per cent. bonds of the Mexico Tramways, Rio Tramways, and others of this group, returning 5 to 5½ per cent. on the money. This little list gives a general idea of the markets in which the investor can obtain a satisfactory rate without taking undue speculative risks.

THE FOREIGN BOURSES.

In the tremendous scare started by the Germans through their high-handed demands in Morocco, prices of everything with an international flavour, with the exception of a fair number of Government bonds, have fallen heavily. Berlin has emulated Paris in the wholesale manner in which stocks and shares have been flung out, irrespective of anything but the intense eagerness or the driving necessity to sell. Brussels also has had its troubles; Amsterdam, Antwerp, and other cities in the Low Countries were shaken in sympathy; and Paris, of course, did not escape being swayed by the general nervousness. To the extent in which these falls have been produced by merely financial reasons, the investor who sees the prices of his securities steadily falling should feel reassured, because extrinsic causes, while they exert a strong influence for a time, do not last permanently, and the day comes round surely enough when the horizon clears. That this will be the case, provided there be no war, we have little doubt. If Germany and France should come to blows there will be panic; if they don't, Stock Exchange prices will settle down sooner or later. Cold comfort this, no doubt, for the capitalist who sees the depreciation on his holdings mount up in proportion as prices descend; but its soundness no one with a steady and calm outlook upon the present welter can possibly deny.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Well, come now," said The Jobber half-apologetically, "I really don't think I ever have seen times like these, I don't indeed."

The Banker smiled, and replied that perhaps, on the present occasion, there might be more justification for this sweeping statement than there was usually.

"But when's it all going to end?" The Broker demanded with more than a suspicion of exasperation. "We've had flat markets before, but I never remember them being flat for so long a time together."

"What your place wants," remarked The City Editor with crude callousness, "is a thorough sweep-out of all what you call weak positions."

"That is one of the many things which might be better expressed differently"—The Engineer took up the cudgels for the House, and The Jobber reserved his revenge for another, more suitable opportunity.

"To me," said The Merchant, "it is a remarkable thing that the Stock Exchange should have gone through such a critical time without a lot of failures."

"Still more wonderful," The Banker commented, "is the fact that the Stock Exchange passed through the various crises without a panic of its own."

"Jump up, Brokie, can't you, and bow your blushing acknowledgments," cried The Jobber. "I'd do it myself, only my foot has gone to sleep."

"Don't trouble," laughed The Merchant. "Your Rubber Market is going to be cut out by Mincing Lane, and then where are you?"

"You seem to have forgotten our telegraphic address," retorted The Jobber. "It's 'Unassailable, London.'"

"Make it 'Irrepressible, London,' and I think it might apply to some of the members as well as the House."

"You've only got to consider the events of the past six weeks to be convinced up to your brainless bald patch"—The City Editor felt furious with himself for colouring up—"that no other market in the world but ours could have absorbed all the liquidation, and done so without the sign of a panic."

"Talks like a book with the back off, doesn't he?" remarked The Broker. "But it's true enough, all the same."

"How much farther can the fall possibly go?"

"Consols will drop to 75, I fear," and The Banker gave a little sigh.

"And Home Rails will go to the dogs under some mad socialist scheme of Nationalisation."

"Well, we look like drifting that way," said The Engineer. "If the masters and the men can't agree, I really think there will be a call to the Government to see if it can do any better."

"What effect, roughly speaking, do you suppose that Nationalisation would have upon the prices of Home Railway stocks?"

"Send them down," was The Broker's prompt reply. "But the practical difficulties are so enormous—"

"The Water Companies had to go."

"And some of the Indian Railways."

"Yes, but they're different. To find a basis, a fair basis, of conversion even for them was difficult enough; but when you try to arrive at some common denominator, say, for East London Ordinary and North-Western Debenture—" He shuddered at the mere thought.

"Perhaps it might not prove so impossible as at first sight it appears," The Banker observed. "It won't come about in my time though, even if it should do so in yours," and he nodded paternally to The Jobber.

"Meanwhile, you can buy Midland Deferred to yield you 5½ per cent. on the money; Brum. and Western to give you 5½, and so on."

"On the basis—"

"Of the last two dividends paid."

"Get Morocco settled," said The City Editor, "and we shall have another railway strike threatened."

"Doesn't seem at all unlikely," agreed The Engineer. "We must go on buying foreign bonds and foreign rails for investment, and leave Home Rails for gambling in when the Kaffir Market's dead."

"It's time Kaffirs began to get a move on them," remarked The City Editor.

"They've had a move on for some time past," commented The Engineer grimly. "But I almost fancy I can see a glimmer of hope for that market."

"Not if we're to be treated to many more East Rand incidents!"

"I suppose you have never heard of favourable incidents?"—this with mild sarcasm. "You wait until some of the liquidated stuff is out of the way, and, mark my words, there's going to be a move up in Kaffirs."

"Either side of an eighth in a hundred Goldfields!" cried The Broker. "If quick!"

"Brokie," said The Jobber, "I'll jolly well take you upstairs for making prices."

The two House-men looked keenly at each other, and, to the bewilderment of The Carriage at large, they burst into a roar of laughter.

Saturday, Sept. 16, 1911.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

BALDY.—The Debenture stock (which carries 4 per cent., and not 4½ per cent. interest) was £65 per cent. paid up, and not 97. It is quite sound, but, of course, it offers little scope for capital appreciation.

MARKED MAN.—We have gone into the matter fully, and there is no doubt as to the accuracy of your broker's quotation. The others were wrong, as they often are.

C. F. W.—(1) The present probabilities rather point in the direction of an early rise in the Bank Rate, and if they materialise we don't see much chance for an immediate improvement in Consols. (2) Thank you.

FIVE PER CENT.—Quite a sound little list—we should not vary one of the stocks.

CANADA.—Morocco-barred, 240 to 250.

RED TIE.—You will notice the subject of nationalisation of railways happened to be mentioned in our friends' conversation this week. Personally, we are inclined to agree that a threat (or promise) in this direction would depress Home Railway prices—at all events at the outset.

X.—(1) Anglo-American Telegraph 6 per cent. Preferred stock at 113 should meet your requirements, provided the offer made by the Western Union Telegraph Company is accepted, as there seems little doubt will be the case. (2) We don't think much of them. (3) On principle, it is well to exchange non-dividend paying rubbish for something, in the same market if you like, which will give some kind of return while you are waiting for a revival.

THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

Temperature.

On the eve of return to the hub of the universe, we are tremendously interested in the state of the temperature. When a member of our party said, "Down twenty-six" the other day, we all felt that he was indeed a friend. The idea of leaving the north-east coast of Sutherland, with a temperature

never above sixty-seven in the shade, and only for a few hours each day reaching that, for London at ninety-three was appalling. Here we live out of doors, and if the wind blows at all we play a round of golf or go for a walk, hatless; that is to say, if the sun is not too bright! Also we dress for comfort, not for show. This made the thought of ninety-three in the shade in town the more terrifying. The reassuring news of a fall of twenty-six made us look on our return journey with feelings of immense relief. Then someone said, "Oh, you women! you all want to get back to buy crinolines!" whereupon the feminine mercury went up



SUGGESTING A NEW USE FOR THE "SERVIETTE DE BAIN": MISS DOROTHY KEPPEL IN A "BATH-TOWEL" HAT, THE LATEST MODE IN MILLINERY.

One of the most picturesque of the latest fashions in hats, as seen at the Maison Lewis, in Regent Street, is the new "Bath-towel" hat. As shown by the above photograph of Miss Dorothy Keppel, who is wearing one, the "Bath-towel" hat is as charming as its name.

thirty-six. It is a wonderful affair this of temperature, and has much to do with worldly matters, not excluding the Moroccan Question. Our Highland gillie, questioned on the subject of impending trouble, gave an answer that stopped further argument: "Ay, deed there 'll be a war if the God o' battles pleases."

Golf as She is Played, Sometimes!

There are still people in these serious times who take even a game of golf lightly! A lady, for instance, with whom I played in a competition the other day gave up the hole and picked up her ball. Her opponent missed a very short putt, whereupon she put her ball down again and putted out, and was quite huffed because her claim of winning the hole was disallowed. Another lady was loudly and excitedly declaiming on the subject of hats when the man playing against her in a foursome was driving. He fozzled, and muttered: "Ah weesh haats was —" Well, one sympathised with him, and almost smelt the fizzling of feathers! Every day there are instances of women taking the great game lightly. An earnest and sincere golfer, talking over the franchise question, said: "Maun, they're that licht, hoo culd they menage affairs o' staate when they chust taalk roobish playin' aat gouff!" There really is something in the indictment. A talk is more than a game to most of us, and "A time for playing and a time for talking" is a dark saying to the average member of our sex. Play and talk go together; often work and talk, too! Yet there is this to be said: many play well and work well in spite of the talk—a thing which men could not accomplish.

The Doings of Duchesses.

The public is supposed to be almost hysterically anxious to know what great folk are doing, consequently columns are devoted to the subject even in serious daily journals. Last week we read that the Duchess of Sutherland was entertaining a small party at Dunrobin Castle, among her guests being her half-sister, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox; also that she was almost daily seen playing golf on the links either at Brora or Dornoch. The Duchess has not played a game either at Brora or Dornoch this season, nor has she even visited the former place. Once she went to Dornoch to attend the Gaelic Mod there, and since she left London she has spent one day at Dunrobin Castle. It was announced that she was to open a bazaar at Golspie last week: whether she did so or not I don't know—she did not open one at Brora, which it was said that she would do. The truth is, Duchesses desire a holiday as much as dressmakers, and retire to the uttermost parts of the earth to get it.

Her Grace of Sutherland has been resting herself and keeping out of the reach of publicity forty miles from a railway station, and, no doubt, greatly enjoying the detailed accounts of what she is *not* doing.

Lovely Langwell.

There can be few shooting-lodges more beautifully situated than that in which the Duke and Duchess of Portland are enjoying the lovely weather of this early autumn. On the Ord of Caithness, some five or six miles north of the hamlet of Orde, here called a "toun," there is a great cleft in the cliffs, between which a brown highland river runs out to the sea. About a quarter of a mile inland, built on a plateau of the further cliff, is the lodge, a fascinatingly irregular-looking building, to which, apparently, bits have been added as required, and in which bow windows have been thrown out, not to look well, but to see well from. There are grass terraces in front and fir-woods down the slope to the river, a walled-in garden, a nine-hole private golf course, and a background of splendid-looking mountains, though none are remarkable for height. The most imposing is Morven, which has given a name to the second son of the ducal house. It is here, fifteen miles from a station, that its owners have their holiday. The Duchess and her daughter and members of their party have played, and do play, golf at Brora once or twice a week when they want a change from their home nine holes. Their coming causes no excitement in that quiet place, and they can enjoy their golf over that fine, interesting course without comment. By most people they are unrecognised; and by those who know them, their coming is such an ordinary occurrence as to be unnoticeable. It must be such a treat to exalted personages to have a time off; no doubt, the interest they excite in Society is part of the pleasure of their position. To excite it always, however, would be to make it a penalty!

Warmth Without Weight.

An ideal coat for travelling, in that it provides the wearer with warmth without weighing too heavily upon her, is the "Solent" Conduit coat, of which an illustration appears on another page. It is a garment equally suitable for the motor-car or the open carriage, for the steamer or the train—in fact, for all forms of travel. The "Solent" Conduit coat is made by Messrs. Kenneth Durward, of Conduit Street, from whom a booklet giving further particulars may be obtained.

There is a very good show at the Palace just now, one of the chief attractions, of course, being Madame Yvette Guilbert, who

lately returned with an excellent set of selections from her repertoire. Miss Margaret Cooper is also back in her old haunts, and as charming as ever, with several new songs, including "A Modest Little Maiden," "Plumstones," and "Agatha Green." Another bright turn is that of Mr. Arthur Prince, "Racing." These are perhaps the plums of an attractive programme.

In the Gramophone Company's new records for September, the band-music includes selections from Sullivan's "Utopia, Limited," Audran's "The Grand Mogul," and Nicolai's Overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," all played by the Coldstreams' Band. Among the songs are "Pierrette and

Pierrot" and the duet, "A Carnival for Life," from "The Count of Luxembourg," sung by Miss May de Sousa and W. H. Berry; "Mona," sung by John Harrison; and "Kipling's Danny Deever," sung by Stewart Gardner. Comic turns are given by George Robey ("More in Sorrow than in Anger") Eugene Stratton, and Tom Clare.



PLAYING THE TITLE-PART IN "LE MARIAGE DE Mlle. BEULEMANS," AT THE GLOBE, Mlle. LEGRAND.

It was arranged to produce at the Globe on Saturday "Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans," with Mlle. Legrand, the pretty Parisian actress, in the title-part. The piece has had great success in France. It ran for a year and a half in Paris, and last year was played over three thousand times in the French provinces. It is the joint work of M. Fernand Wicheler and M. Fonson. M. Wicheler is writing an English comedy in which there will be a part for Mlle. Legrand—that of a Frenchwoman in London who speaks broken English.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

THE time has come when County Councils will be engaged in giving serious consideration to applications for small holdings. While many men are anxious to enlarge the acreage with which they started, others are anxious to make a first attempt to become independent. There have been many delays. I hear of applications that the local authorities have postponed or ignored; but the Government has decided to "speed up" the working of the Act, and in the future the difficulties in the way of the small holder will not be associated with the acquisition of a holding. There is something to be said for the reluctance of County Councils to respond to applications; they do not appear to have acted altogether in the interests of selfish and influential landowners. As far as careful inquiry enables me to judge, it is at best an even-money chance that the small-holder brings to market. I have seen some holdings that tell even to the uninitiated Cockney their story of high cultivation and success; I have seen others where the small holder has worked harder than he ever worked before, and has taken, as the reward of the year's work, less than he remembers taking. It is largely, of course, a matter of soil and of good markets, but in the long run the individual counts. To the really good men who wanted a chance and could not obtain one under the old dispensation, the Small Holdings Act is a blessing; to the man whose ambitions are in excess of his capacities it has brought little more than trouble. If you are a Radical you look at the bright side of the picture and become rhetorical about bloated landlords, whose complete control of the earth has been broken at last; if you are a Unionist you wax no less eloquent about the Government's socialistic experiments that result in the bad farming of good land and the impoverishment of those who had little to lose. In short, you choose the side of the result that suits your political gospel, feeling that, while the solution of a national problem may be good, the scoring of a party point is better. So it happens that one of the most interesting experiments of modern times is used for the tiresome party game.

You must travel far and wide now to find any corners of England in which the old and valued rights of the villagers have been preserved. The enclosure of commons and waste lands, the claims over the foreshore, the closing of rights of way, have ended by depriving the villager of many benefits that his forefathers enjoyed for many generations. Indeed, the pages of English history tell of popular risings and great bloodshed due to the

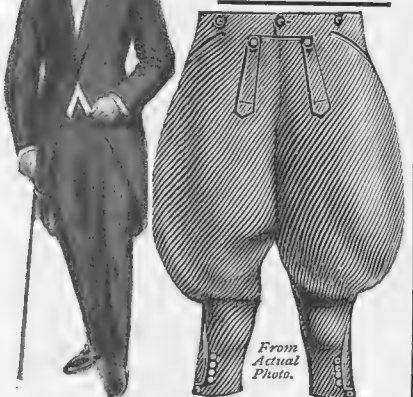
enclosing of common lands. The Norfolk rising under Kett, the tanner of Wymondham, and the battle on Mousehold Heath were due to no other cause, and, curiously enough, it is in Norfolk that one finds a few odd corners where there is common pasture-land, and certain old rights have never passed altogether. In the past few weeks I have been on the Norfolk heath-lands, and have been making inquiry among the remote villages. It is wonderful country the chalk ridge between Thetford and Hunstanton, and the story of its occupation by man goes back to prehistoric times, round barrows, flint quarries, and hut circles having been found. The history of occupation, as far as it is known to us, tells of many rights enjoyed by the countryman. He could cut gorse and turf so that his fire burned cheerfully through the long winter months; he could feed his sheep and cattle on common lands, and his poultry were free to wander where they would. If vermin were too much in evidence the parish paid to have them reduced. Gradually all these rights have been lost or restricted, and to a very large extent the Small Holdings Act is a twentieth-century attempt to restore the balance in favour of the true son of the soil, to give him back, perhaps to increase, the measure of prosperity that came within his reach in times past. The Act has accomplished something already; it has developed splendid qualities in some who have taken advantage of it. I have met men who have wellnigh forced the soil to yield them their wage, who have stuck to their self-appointed task with the fidelity of an engineer to his engine-room, who have gone without holidays, defied the weather, refused to be discouraged by the adverse chances of market and season, and in the end have had the pleasure of seeing the land acknowledge their zeal.

Such an one stood before me this afternoon; he has more than sixty years behind him, and for nearly twenty he hired a bit of land where he could, never enough, he told me, to give him a fair return. To-day he has forty acres, together with cows, pigs, and poultry, and he has nothing but thanks for the fine weather, his chief crop this year having been wheat. But he told me that he has never been in bed after five o'clock in summer or after six in winter, and that he reckons the day's work done when it is too dark to see. He added that he had never felt healthier or happier, and unless his looks belied him he spoke truly. It was needless to speak about the quantity or quality of his work. Every bit of land was clean and in good heart, ditches brushed, hedges trimmed, no uncultivated corners to any field. For the rest, he and one son ran the place, only hiring a little help at harvest if help chanced to be available. This year it was not, so they laboured alone. No wonder that they looked with pride upon the results.

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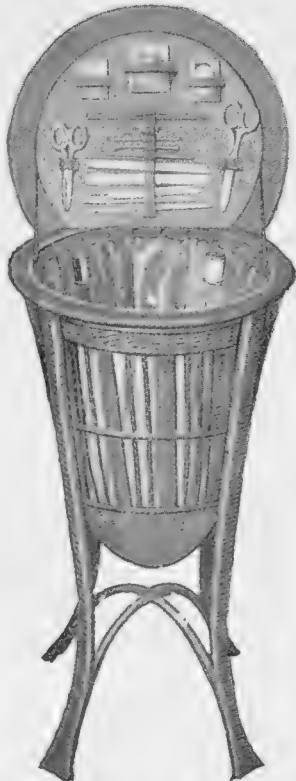
CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Help for the Conscious and the Unconscious: the Children of the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony; "Dealt with" in Princess Louisa of Tuscany's "Own Story"; The Aeromoon; At Deauville; In a Ladies' Room of the Berlin Bath Palace; "The Concert," at the Duke of York's; "Where is any Author in the World Teaches such Beauty as a Woman's Eye?"; The Bather's Dance; Classicism at Ostend; The Plumes of Perfection.



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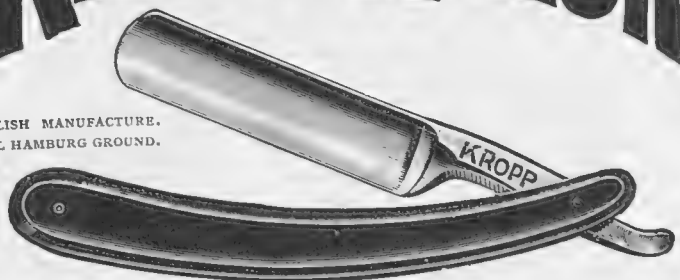
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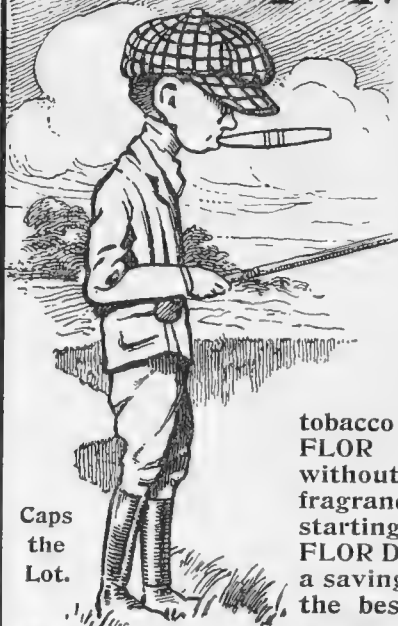
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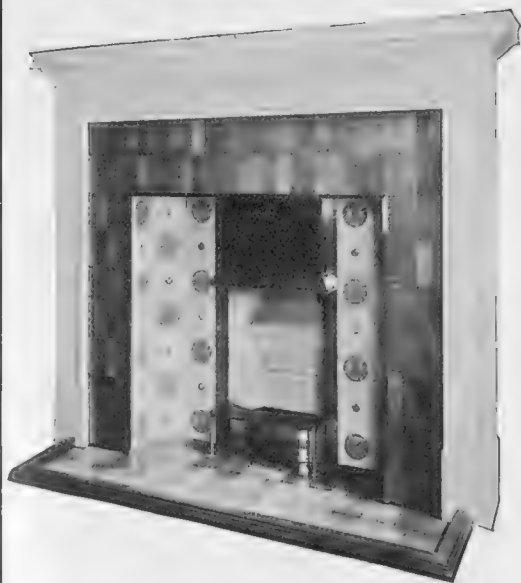
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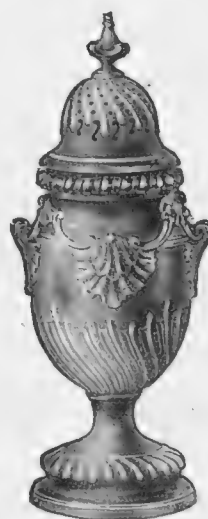
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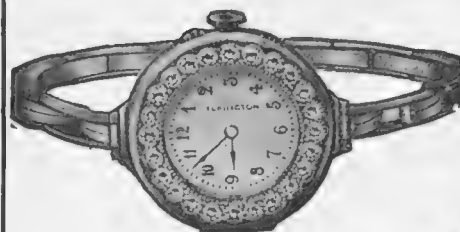
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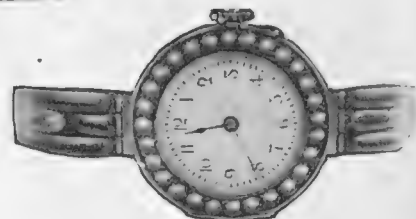
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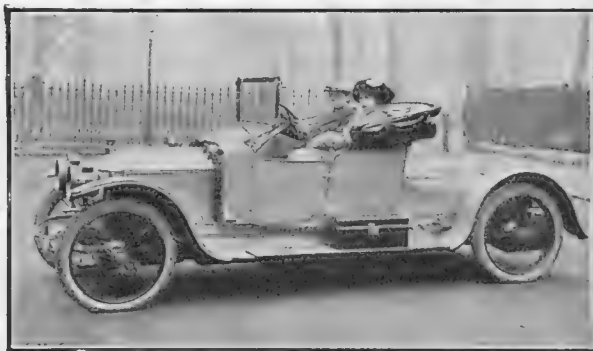
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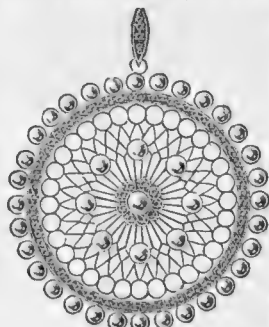
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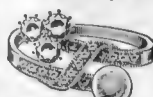
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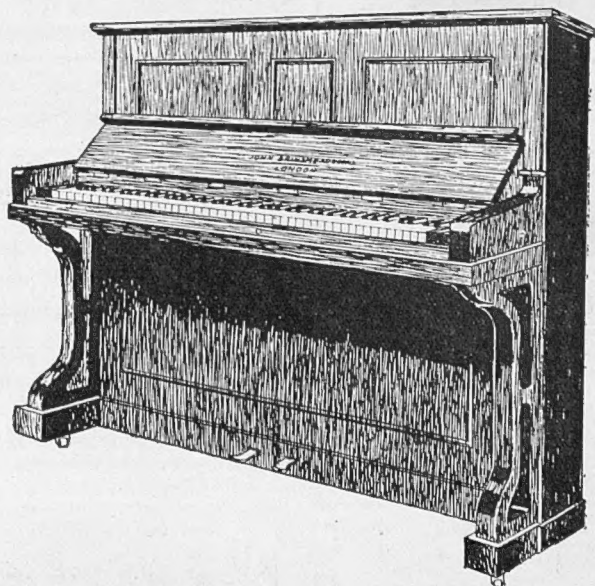
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One enjoys to the full that fine response which every healthy heart loves making to bravery that is carefully disguised, or to loyalty that never calculates, or to ideas and ideals which matter more than happiness or life. There are those of us who have been rather starved of late in our national experience of these things, and some, like Louis de Chantemerle, *plus royaliste que le roi*, have championed a cause "to the defence of which they brought a zeal more ardent than their leaders. These will thrill to the glimpse of that company," many of them young and most of them doomed, gay with a gaiety which was spontaneous if it was extravagant, and brave with a courage no less real for its utter futility. For behind their patient, passive King—Louis XVI.—neither chief nor divinity, there "still burnt the throne from which he had been dragged, and it was on the steps of that desecrated altar that their lives were offered up." In the best manner too, is the one appearance of Marie Antoinette passing the two Chantemerles down the long gallery of the Tuileries; her eyes looking as if "they saw nothing out of a face changed and aged beyond all speech—sad, patient, aloof, serene, still proud; so proud, indeed, that it was clear nothing said or done now, whether by foe or friend, could touch the shrine of suffering of which it was the curtain." But beyond all this stirring and absorbing matter there is enacted a spiritual drama subtler and still more rare. Three men learn in three ways to set aside their dearest material needs for an idea. Gilbert and Louis de Chantemerle are well contrasted, Louis—and in print, as in life, it is the Louis who evoke love—impenetrable in his armour of gaiety more baffling than his cousin's gravity; careless, pleasure-loving, airily indifferent save for one concern, and that decently to cover up his soul; gifted, but with too much wit to use his gifts or do anything but be a fine gentleman; and Gilbert, responsible, honourable, respected, too much overshadowed by the Upas-tree of his own will to attract and inspire devotion; hard, cold, and proud. To these two is given a priest for tutor, and M. des Graves is as remarkable as they. He had been strong enough once to renounce a brilliant career and accept obscurity at the supreme moment, because he felt unable to bear success; and he was still so strong that he forbore to use his

strength on others, though he loved, as in Gilbert's case, more than a father. Between the two cousins there stood a woman, and she stood for much more, sweet and pliable to weakness as she was. Her name became a symbol of all that made life desirable, honourable, or dear. To the two authors who have so happily collaborated must be left the unfolding of these several natures to the dramatic accompaniment of the Vendean war. The slow melting of Gilbert's Liberalism in the fire which sought to devour the throne and the altar is shown with much sympathy, and the final submission of self that made him at last a leader of men makes him also beloved of them. Worldly, or even national defeat is compensated in the presence of such victories.

"The Kingdoms of the World."

By LLOYD OSBOURNE.
(Methuen.)

"By Jove! What a ripping idea for a story!" One can almost hear the author of "The Kingdoms of the World" exclaiming this as he turned up some magazine article on the tragic House of Hapsburg. And forthwith over a pipe, or, perhaps, a cigarette of that tobacco whose green labels still proudly bear a name for ever associated with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's, the story was fabricated. That seems the word, for its construction, though skilful and ingenious, is always so evident, like some naïve Japanese toy. Mathew Broughton, a manly young hero, a knight of the road and of fortune, seemed to have fallen in a pleasant place when fate sent him trading for a mysterious chief on a Pacific island, all palm-fringed, which the charts sometimes mark "p.d."—position doubtful—and sometimes "e.d."—existence doubtful. But six years of prosperity set Captain Matt yearning for his own civilisation, which was American, and so the mysterious chief, who, though undoubtedly a great gentleman, loathed *his* civilisation, which was European, gave him godspeed, a nice fortune, and a superb ruby ring. All he requested in return was a loyal silence as to his existence. Identity he had none for Matt; but were that existence known it would, he assured Matt, "shake the world." Of course shipwreck deprived Matt of everything but life and the ring. And the former was made impossible to him in his beloved country by possession of the latter. His generous chief was so very much "wanted." The note of the craftsman is visible in the fact that Matt never guessed through all his obstinate loyalty that the mysterious stranger was wanted by friends "to his advantage," as the advertisements say. Nor does the reader guess it either, and the finale with the Imperial battleship is wonderfully effective as a consequence.

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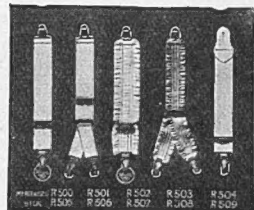
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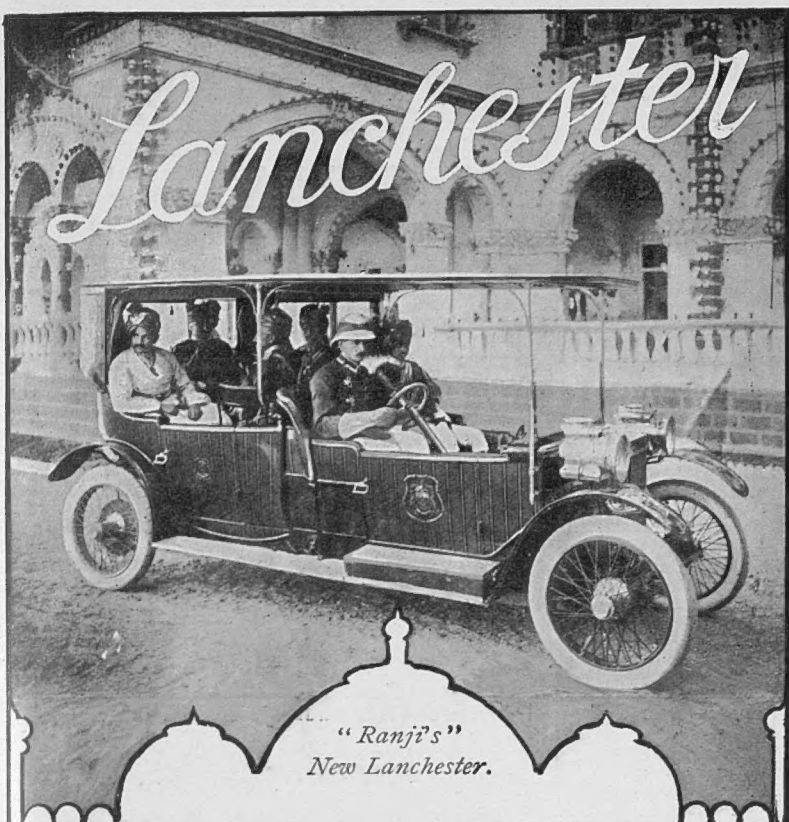
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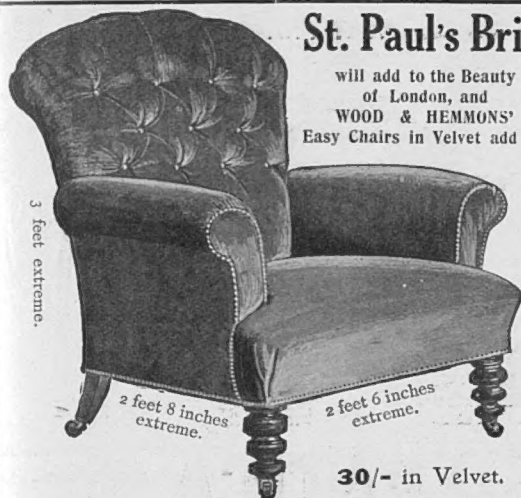
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